The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 10, 1932

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Labor's Ultimatum to Industry

THEY CALL HIM "LABOR'S DIPLOMAT."

But he knows a lot of blunt words and how to use them. And last week, in Cincinnati, William Green dropt his gentle manner to let loose a verbal blast as thunderous as a crash of coal in the Ohio mine where he used to swing a pick.

Not only thunderous, but, to many observers, ominous. For this is the first formal demand by labor, long-suffering under the slow grinding of the depression, for drastic action for relief.

It is an ultimatum for a six-hour day, five-day week that President Green of the Federation of Labor serves on industry. And he makes it clear that he does not mean the "spread-work" plan, but a thirty-hour week with no cut in wages.

Congress, from all signs, will have this added problem to struggle with during the short session just getting under way.

Keystone-Underwood

"Force, If Necessary"

Will be used, declares President William Green of the American Federation of Labor, to put industry on the thirty-hour week.

IT was at the A. F. of L. convention that President Green delivered what is being called the greatest "fighting speech" of his career. For the first time in three bitter years of growing unemployment, he made a threat of "force." In doing so he brought the delegates to their feet, applauding. As the Cincinnati *Enquirer* tells us:

"In sounding the key-note of the sentiment of the convention on the matter, President Green said:

"'We are fighting for those who are unemployed now, for those who are working now, and for the good of the nation at large. The shorter work-day and work-week must be given in response to reason or we will secure it through force of some kind.'

"The entire convention rose to its feet to applaud this statement, and remained standing and applauding for several minutes.

"When Green was asked what he meant by 'force,' he explained that he meant 'economic force,' and when asked if by economic force he meant picketing and boycotts, he answered 'yes.' He emphasized throughout this talk, however, that the use of 'force' was a last rather than an immediate necessity."

The country is face to face with a momentous decision, declared Mr. Green. It is whether we shall make adjustments in industry and provide employment, or "dismantle industry" and return to hand labor. Then driving home his argument:

"It is clear that it is impossible for industry to provide work for 55,000,000 workers eight hours per day and six days per week. The improvement in the mechanical technique of production makes it impossible to absorb in industry the workers of our nation.

"The time has come to talk plainly. We must tell the world plainly that we can not tolerate the situation any longer, and that we demand that action be taken.

"For years we have been pressing upon industry and government to adjust the working hours as a partial remedy to alleviate unemployment. We have appealed to reason and judgment, but in my opinion we have not made enough progress.

"What must we do?

"Are we to resign ourselves to an economic situation where there are eleven to fifteen million unemployed who shall continue to remain idle constantly?

"Will the social order sustain such a condition? How long can we be patient? How long will the situation be tolerated?"

THE first demand of the Federation, said Mr. Green, would be that the Government put its employees on the thirty-hour week. As for general industry:

"Just as the carpenters led the fight for the eight-hour day, so the time has come for some militant union to lead the fight for the shorter work-day and work-week."

After this impassioned address, the delegates voted unanimously to support the thirty-hour week. This action followed an earlier vote, almost unanimous, by which the Federation refused to agitate for a constitutional amendment making the six-hour, five-day week mandatory.

Two days later the Federation took another firm stand—for compulsory unemployment insurance—and in doing so reversed its former position.

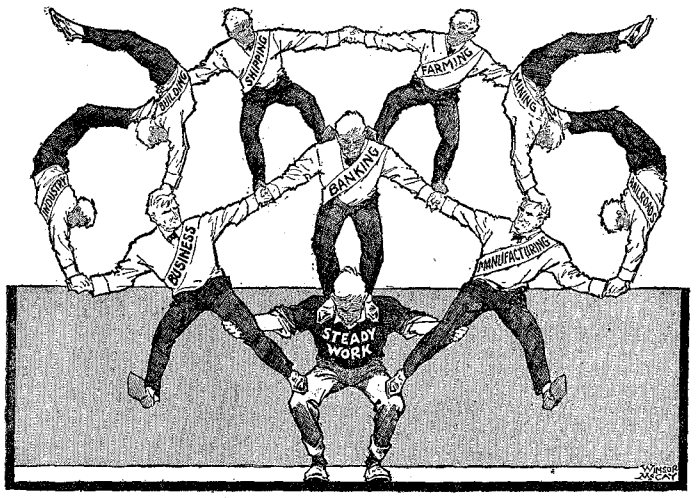
This insurance would be paid for by industry and administered by the State. As in the case of the thirty-hour week, says the Associated Press correspondent, "the Federation "backed its proposal with threats of strikes and boycotts."

In Washington, the A. F. of L. action for a shorter work-week, according to the Baltimore *Sun's* correspondent, is "interpreted as a constructive step toward a solution of the unemployment problem and as recognition of the part machinery is playing in creating an army of jobless workers"—

THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, *President;* ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, *Vice-President and Treasurer;* WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary*, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 14 Salisbury Square. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Chicago, Ill., and Columbus, O. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

TABLE OF CONTENTS ON PAGE 39

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Copyright, 1932, by the New York American, Inc.

The Strong Man of the Act

—McCay in the New York "American."

"There was an absence of proposals as to what the Federal Government might do to make a thirty-hour week universal in American business and industry, but the sentiment among those who discust the subject was that the Government should do all in its power to help this movement, at least by example, if no other way appeared practicable."

But if Washington received the news cheerfully, it can hardly be said that this A. F. of L. action, backed up with talk of "force," has a pleasant sound to editorial ears.

"Is this the time for industrial war?" asks the Boston *Transcript*, in typical statement:

"Mr. Green's fighting speech is not of a kind to encourage men who are fighting to keep business moving.

"He does not, to be sure, go so far as to say that his forceful methods on the industrial front will be adopted this winter, but he makes ominous reference to the 'near future,' and he declares that the time has come for some militant union to lead the fight for the shorter work-day and work-week. It reads like a declaration of war at a time when common sense dictates the maintenance of peace.

"It is not the end in view to which objection is to be made. Hours of labor have been progressively shortened since the days when sunrise and sunset marked the beginning and the end of the working hours in out-of-doors occupations, and in winter the oil-lamps made the twelve-hour day possible indoors.

"It is reasonable to assume that with the development of scientific processes there will be further curtailment of working time. But those who are seeking to bring it about do not help their cause by speaking for it in truculent mood at a time such as this.

"It is to be regretted that Mr. Green substituted threat for argument."

But even so, "an attempt to force industry into granting shorter hours without reducing the weekly wage might defeat its own purpose," thinks the Washington *Post:*

"With 11,000,000 men unemployed, organized labor could not expect to coerce industry by the strike method, which is the only means of coercion in its power.

"Furthermore, hundreds of industries are now operating at a loss.

"If they were confronted with the necessity of suddenly increasing their payrolls they might prefer to close their plants entirely, thus creating more unemployment.

"The need of the hour is for cooperation in extending work opportunities and in sharing the employment which is available."

"Unfortunately," adds the New York *Daily News*, "there are many employers who would welcome strikes just now as a means of saving money for them, and bringing their labor around to what the employer considers a reasonable mood."

Warning that this is "not a time to quarrel," the New York *Times* says "surprize and disappointment" will be caused by Mr. Green's speech, for "he has been reckoned among the most steady-going and reasonable labor leaders."

"The whole plan as one to help reduce unemployment is grotesque," asserts *The Times*. "It would make the last estate of the workers worse than the first."

"An attack of nerves" is this labor action, says the New York *Herald Tribune*, which argues for the share-the-work plan:

"If there is to be a reduction of working hours which will make more jobs, then obviously there must be a corresponding reduction of individual earnings. Such a compromise is the object of the share-the-work campaign.

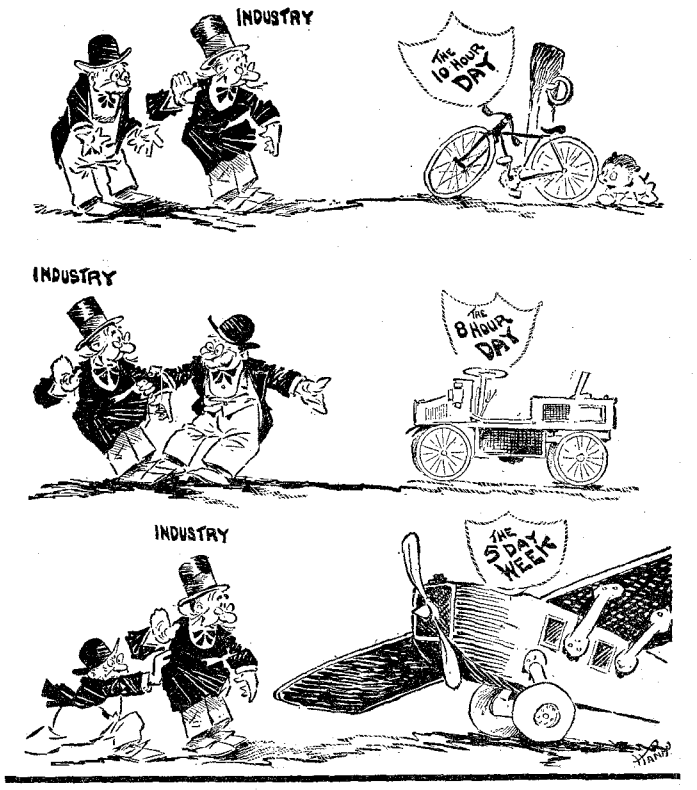
"If the Federation spokesmen were not playing rather desperate politics to hold their jobs, they would see in this campaign the one promising approach to the object they have in mind. For industry, once accustomed to spreading employment, will not readily resume its old schedules. And as it gets on its feet, wages will rise as they always have, restoring to the individual worker the purchasing power which previously had cost him much greater effort."

So few editors express sympathy with the A. F. of L. attitude as proclaimed by President Green that The Literary Digest wired to *Labor* in Washington for a statement on the Federation side. And this is *Labor's* reply:

"The American Federation of Labor in demanding a shorter work-week voiced the aim and purpose of labor. This is the best news that America has had for weeks.

"The Federation is right, provably right. The industrial machine on a forty-eight- or even forty-hour week basis produces more goods than can be consumed with wages at their present or even their 1929 level. When the product is not taken away the machine stops, and then we have that nightmare which only the modern world can show—famine in the midst of plenty.

"It is perfectly clear that we must have less production to balance less consumption, and the Federation proposes the quickest and straightest road to that end—shorter hours without delay and high wages as fast as possible. Other resolutions must be adopted before the balance is completed, but this is the first."

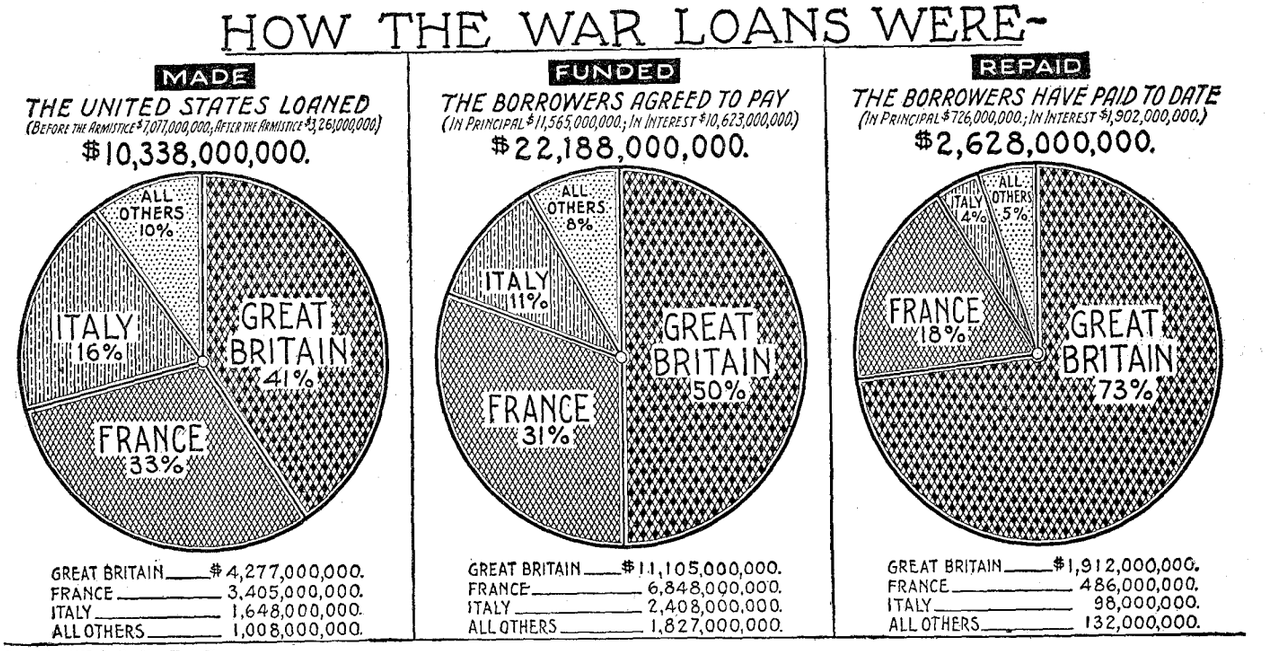


Copyright, 1932, by the Philadelphia *Inquirer*

Now We Will Have to Start All Over Again

—Hanny in the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Copyright, 1932, by the New York *Times*

THE DIVISION OF OUR WAR DEBTS AMONG OUR DEBTORS

Kind Words for Embarrassed Britain

"NO DECENT ENGLISHMAN doesn't want to pay his debts."

While every one here seems willing to accept this statement of the visiting English playwright, John Drinkwater, not even Britain's second note asking for debt relief convinces our Congress that the war debts should be dumped on the American taxpayer. And Congress, be it remembered, is taking up the terrific task of balancing a depression budget.

But the British appeal is meant for the American people themselves as well as for their government at Washington. And for weeks past there has been a growing popular tendency to recognize the strength of the British case. In fact, most of the arguments in Britain's second note had already been brought out in the editorial columns of our own papers. The British appeal is "to the enlightened self-interest of the United States," in the words of the New York *Times*. The note argues that resumption of debt payments would do the creditors more harm than good by accentuating "the gravity of the present crisis," and compromising "fatally" all attempts to counteract it. It further asserts a de facto connection between debts and reparations, and says that resumption of British payments would lead to nullification of the Lausanne agreement and further restriction of British purchases of American goods. Even William Randolph Hearst, whose papers have led in the anti-cancelation fight, in a statement for *Reynolds' Illustrated News* of London, dissociates Britain from our other debtors, and cites these reasons for special consideration for England if she "presented her case alone":

"First, she came promptly forward before any other nation and offered to pay her debt. Second, she accepted harder terms than were imposed upon any other nations. Third, she did not whine, nor haggle, nor seek to deny or evade her obligations.

"She is the one nation who may have a right to ask, not for a cancelation of the debt, but for a modification of terms so much harsher than terms imposed upon or accepted by any other European nation."

"The fall of the pound, the budgetary difficulties of Great Britain, the effect of the depression on world trade amply justify," in the New York *Herald Tribune*'s opinion, a complete reconsideration of the British debt. In the view of the Detroit *Free Press*, Great Britain's past attitude and record, "and its present situation, entitle it to a careful, courteous, and thoughtful consideration for any request for leniency it may advance."

The sensational break of sterling to a record low of $3.15 on the 29th of November brings from *The Wall Street Journal* the argument that we are the real losers in forcing Britain to pay. We are reminded that "international obligations are ultimately paid with goods and services." But England has no balance of trade with which to pay us. Instead, it is the other way—

"For the nine months of the present year ending with September, we shipped goods to England valued at $209,163,000, and received goods from her amounting to but $56,473,000.

"Here is an exchange-balance of over $142,000,000 due from England. Therefore, there is no sterling exchange obtainable from that source with which to pay war debts. To pay in gold would be hazardous for England at this time, and to borrow would possibly make matters worse.

"What England means to our purchasing power can be seen by comparing the $209,000,000 of exports in the past nine months, $322,000,000 in same period a year ago, $491,000,000 two years ago, and $590,000,000 three years ago. A prosperous England is worth more to us than all she owes us.

"Shall we hold to the doctrine of making her pay, even tho we lose in the end?"

THE point is made by the New York *Journal of Commerce* that the British policy since 1922 has been to receive from her own war or reparations debtors only enough "to offset her own payments on war-debt account to the United States." But at Lausanne, England practically waived any payments from her debtors by the supplementary agreement in which the reparations creditors postponed debt payments among themselves until after ratification of the formal agreement which waits upon satisfactory settlement with the United States. So until a satisfactory settlement with the United States has definitely failed, Great Britain must bear the full burden of the debt payments, receiving nothing from her creditors.

But the Administration has no business to play favorites contends Walter Lippmann in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"The prejudices of individuals for one nation over another have no place in diplomacy, and the attempt to discriminate between Britain on the one hand, France and Belgium on the other is capricious, unjust, and mischievous."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

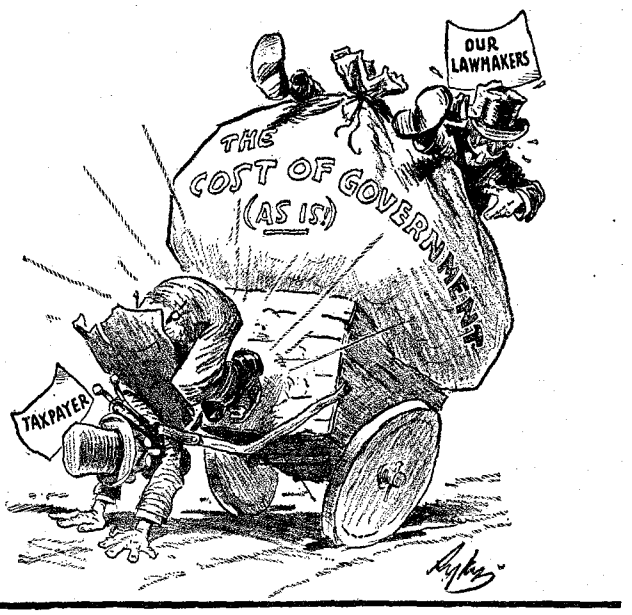
The Taxpayer's New Champions

"STALKING HORSE" for big taxpayers.

That's what the head of the American Legion calls Richard Evelyn Byrd.

Admiral Byrd doesn't mind being called such a mild name as this, but does insist most emphatically that if he is a "stalking horse," it is in the cause of "the suffering hordes of the unemployed."

Such personal controversies are just part of the big fact that the taxpayer has at last found his voice. Every one agrees that taxes are too big a burden, but naturally there is plenty of argument over whose taxes should come down, and what government expenses should be omitted.



Beginning to Protest
—Sykes in the New York "Evening Post."

The Polar explorer and aviator is in this picture because he has been stumping the country speaking in a score of cities for the National Economy League, which now has organized in thirty-five States, has been indorsed by many groups of business men and taxpayers, and has had its general aim approved by the leaders of the National Grange.

ANOTHER economy organization, composed solely of veterans, is now in the field. The first chapter of the American Veterans was formed in Chattanooga this fall and affiliated groups are being formed in various parts of the country. The announced purposes of this organization are "to protest against the cash payment of the bonus until due," and to provide opposition "to the organized action of veterans in seeking improper financial aid from the Government (such as benefits and disability allowances to those who have suffered no injury by reason of their service)."

It is this non-service disability aid that also draws the fire of the National Economy League, which estimates that it means an unnecessary expenditure of $450,000,000 yearly.

This distinction is considered unfair by some of the American Legion leaders, who also note the support of the League by business men, and insist that it is just an attempt of the big taxpayers to get their taxes reduced at the expense of needy soldiers.

National Commander Louis A. Johnson of the Legion said at Richmond: "Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd unwittingly and unintentionally is the stalking horse for the one person out of 3,000 of our population who is against the veterans of America." Mr. Johnson figures it this way:

"For each dollar paid by the larger group of Federal income taxpayers, $330 is paid by the smaller group with the bigger incomes, and that is where the fight against the veterans comes, from the 1 per cent. of the 3⅓ per cent. of our population, or approximately one person out of 3,000 of our entire population."

At the present time, says the head of the Legion, the disabled veterans, "and the American Legion which is fighting their battles for them, are up against an organized crowd of clever opponents who are not disinterested in relieving themselves of the responsibility of taxation."

The reason many veterans disagree with Admiral Byrd and the National Economy League program, explains the Toledo *Times*, is because "they believe that the ax should fall on numerous commissions, boards, bureaus, Prohibition-enforcement costs, and a lot of other government activity before the veterans are denied compensation bonus and allowances."

BUT while the Milwaukee *Journal* does not "necessarily endorse all that it has done or what it might do," it does go so far as to say that "the way is wide open for service, and for the present it is on the right track," and as the speaking tours of Admiral Byrd and others bring out editorial comment in a score of cities, it is apparent that most of the newspapers are with the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* when it says: "More power to the League!"

In his more recent speeches, Admiral Byrd has replied to critics by emphasizing the fact that the tax burden falls on everybody. To quote from the Byrd address in Boston which followed the "stalking-horse" remark of Commander Johnson's:

"The total cost of government, town, city, State, and Federal, is over $14,000,000,000 a year, whereas, all the earnings of all the people working at ten thousand different tasks is only a little over three times this cost of our government. It means that the employed people of this country, and that includes the masses of the people, must work for at least three months every year to give their earnings, directly or indirectly, to meet this dangerously high cost of government.

"The great pity of the whole situation is that the masses of the people and the poor who do not pay taxes directly do not understand that they are bearing the cost of government even more disastrously than those who pay taxes.

"Business and industry can not possibly bear all the cost of government without collapse and disaster for all the people. They must, therefore, pass it on to the ultimate consumer in the form of higher costs for all he buys, higher rents, and in fewer jobs to give the unemployed.

"Much of this money that goes to the Government, the Government in turn pays out to a hundred selfish minorities and favored groups of people."

ONLY as one of many abuses is the Economy League attacking the expensive provision for non-war disabilities. Admiral Byrd, pointing out that the American Legion is not responsible for the passage of that law, continues:

"If veterans are to get these pensions for civil life injuries, it will break Uncle Sam's back financially. The total cost of the World War veterans alone will eventually come to over $80,000,000,000, four times the cost of the war itself."

The National Economy League, it will be remembered, was formed last spring with Admiral Byrd as Chairman and Calvin Coolidge, Alfred E. Smith, Newton D. Baker, Elihu Root, General Pershing, and Admiral Sims on the Advisory Council.

The declaration of representatives of the League that taxes are the prime cause of unemployment is emphatically indorsed by the Chicago *Tribune*, which says:

"When the tax collector muscles in to destroy profits, he is at the same time destroying industry, and, therefore, employment. Factories will not stay open when no profits are to be made, and when factories close, unemployment is inevitable.

"The campaign against excessive government expenditures is not a rich man's campaign, as some of the spenders pretend. It is a campaign in which all elements of the population, save only the feeders at the public trough, have an equal interest."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strong Medicine for Bank Failures

"TOMMY'S WEEKLY ALLOWANCE, after he got on a bit, was five cents.

"He used to hold on grimly to the nickel because Tommy found, 'Once you break it, it goes very quickly.'"

That was years ago. To-day, "Tommy" is a world authority on money. He is Thomas W. Lamont, and, according to B. C. Forbes, who tells the story of the nickel in the New York *American*, he towers as "actually the most influential banker in America, J. P. Morgan's right-hand partner."

When he talks, the world listens. And he has just had something forceful to say to this country about the need for reforming our banking system. For one thing, he says, we still have too many banks, despite the great number of failures.

Supporting what "many others have already pointed out," he declares that all commercial banks of the country should be brought under the Federal Reserve System, and that "sensible provisions" for regional branch banking should be established.

But the first thing Mr. Lamont runs into is an argument. While the New York *Journal of Commerce* praises him for enunciating "a simple and sound banking program which the financial community might well rally around," the Philadelphia *Record* snatches up the editorial club.

"Is this Wall Street or Russia speaking?" it demands, and adds: "Let us try everything before we resort to the Soviet scheme proposed by Mr. Lamont."

Blank & Stoller

"Too Many Banks"

That's one of our troubles, declares Thomas W. Lamont. He would compel every commercial bank in the country to join the Federal Reserve System.

CLEARLY we must take a closer look at Mr. Lamont's address. Speaking at the annual dinner of the Academy of Political Science, in New York, he sketched the panics that periodically scourged the country prior to the establishment of the Federal Reserve System in 1914. And then:

"What our average citizen very naturally fails to understand is why, if the Federal Reserve has such manifest virtues, it is unable to prevent the terrific crop of banking failures which the country has witnessed in the last decade—and especially in the last two years. The answer is, upon proper analysis, not difficult to find. But before we attempt to give it let us look at some of the figures of banking failures in the eleven years, 1921–31.

"In that period there have been total bank failures aggregating 9,285, with deposits thus tied up or in part dissipated of $4,278,000,000. Of this total only 1,698 banks were members of the Federal Reserve, and almost four and a half times as many, namely 7,587 banks, were outside the system. In the years 1930–31 alone the bank failures totaled 3,643, and here again the proportion of non-member to member banks was almost as four and a half to one.

"It should be added that the most of these failures were of small banks, with extremely limited capital. Therefore, one should not be misled by these figures, bad as they are, into thinking that more than a small percentage of the country's banking resources was ever tied up in failure."

Over member banks the Federal Reserve banks exercise a limited supervision, Mr. Lamont notes, "but over non-member banks the Federal Reserve has no control whatsoever"—

"These non-member banks are without exception State institutions, subject to greatly varying degrees and kinds of legislative requirements and of administrative supervision. So that it is no wonder that objective students of our banking system are bewildered and declare it—despite the existence of the Federal Reserve—to be no system at all.

"In many instances the paid-in capital of our country banks is so slight as to be subject to impairment under the most ordinary conditions of difficult times, as we have been ample witness in recent years.

"It is a noteworthy fact that in number, 90 per cent. of the banks that failed in the decade of 1921–1930 were located in rural communities, subject to all the vicissitudes of crop failures, or of the expansion and deflation of business 'booms,' without any of the protection afforded by a parent institution fortified with ample capital and managed by experienced men."

TO-DAY, Mr. Lamont tells us, "60 per cent. in number of the country's banks are outside the strong Federal Reserve System, and this 60 per cent. comprises a total in banking resources of over $12,000,000,000."

And so he would "bring all the commercial banks of the country, small as well as large, under the single egis of the Federal Reserve System."

Arguing for "sensible provisions for regional branch banking," Mr. Lamont reminds us that—

"Almost all the failures early this year of small suburban banks around Chicago, and almost all the resultant threats to the general banking situation could have been avoided, if it had not been for the fact that the Illinois statutes permit no branch banking of any kind within the limits of the State."

Now for the editorial reaction to all this.

"Of course," says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, already quoted:

"These basic reforms must be sought gradually and with a minimum of disturbance to existing conditions, as Mr. Lamont indicates.

"But as major immediate objectives they constitute badly needed steps in the process of adjusting our financial machinery to the new economic order."

The address, asserts this paper, "constitutes a landmark in recent discussion of banking law changes"—

"Coming at this time, his words may probably be interpreted safely as representing the considered views of enlightened American banking leaders, which they feel can be advanced now that the panic stage of the depression is behind us and the election period is past."

"MR. LAMONT'S urgent plea," says the New York *Times*, "that banks throughout the country hitherto separated from the sustaining influence of the Federal Reserve should join the system, was not only timely but has been powerfully reenforced by the experience of the last two years."

But *The American Banker* seems to take a different view. Saying that "the forces for concentration and trustification of banking in the United States are mobilizing their program," it tells us that if they succeed "the local bank, with its successful record of local financial independence and local responsibility, is doomed, and sooner or later a chain-store bank will take its place."

To revert now to the slashing attack made upon Mr. Lamont's proposal by the Philadelphia *Record*. In his branch banking plan it finds "much merit," but as for compelling every commercial bank to join the Federal Reserve System—

"This is a most radical undemocratic, dangerous plan. It is but one step removed from complete socialization of banking. . . .

"If a bank could exist only as a member of the Government banking system, it would not be long before the Government would be running our banks as it runs our post-offices."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Breaking Up the Radio Monopoly

"A LANDMARK IN THE ENFORCEMENT of the antitrust laws."

Such, says the Washington *Post*, is "the consent decree dissolving the alleged radio monopoly built around the Radio Corporation of America."

Accordingly, it "takes its place beside the packers' consent decree and the breaking up of the Standard Oil Company."

But the decree, "on the surface, anyway, pleases everybody," points out the Camden *Courier-Post*, in the city where the plants of the Radio Corporation are situated—

"The Government claims a victory.

"The so-called independent radio firms, which forced the suit, say they are satisfied.

"And David Sarnoff, president of RCA, indicates that his company may be better off under the new arrangement than under the old."

"The effect of the decision in a public sense," says the Newark *Evening News*, "should be a broader opportunity for the development and marketing of radio equipment, especially the all-important tubes."

IT was at Wilmington, in the United States District Court for Delaware, that the decree was signed ordering the complete divorcement of the General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company from the Radio Corporation of America. As the Associated Press correspondent tells us:

"These concerns, the Government charged, prevented competition in the radio and other closely allied fields by means of intercorporate agreements and an involved system of cross-licensing of radio patents.

"The decree, terminating more than two years of effort looking toward a settlement of the suit without trial, ordered the General Electric and Westinghouse companies to dispose of one-half their stock in the Radio Corporation to their common stockholders within three months, and the balance of it within three years.

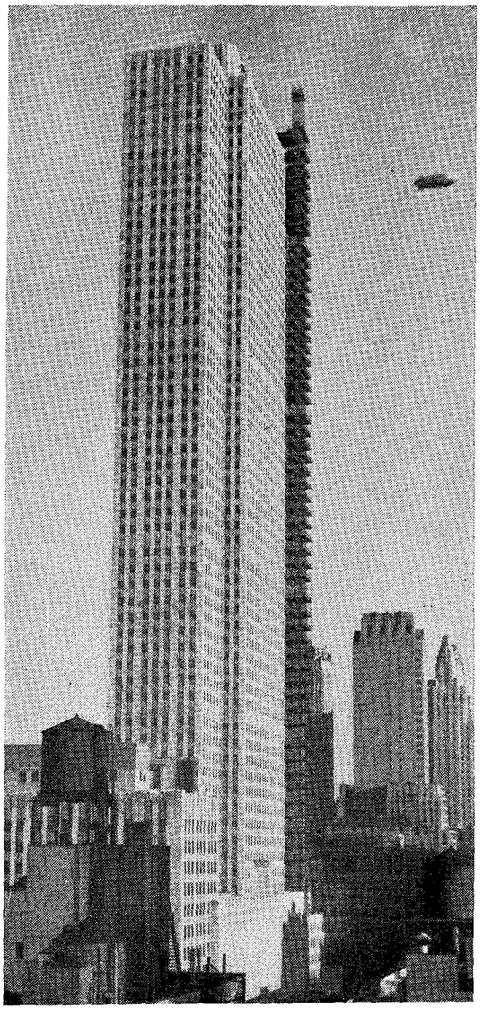
"In consenting to the decree the defendants wanted it understood that they were not admitting they had violated the Federal laws. The Government in a statement asserted that the defendants had violated the antitrust laws.

"The two electric companies were enjoined from acquiring stock in the Radio Corporation in the future. All their representatives on the board of directors or other committees of the Radio Corporation were required to resign within ten days, with the exception of Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of General Electric, and Andrew W. Robertson, chairman of the board of Westinghouse, who may continue to serve for five months."

Thus the climax is reached in the long battle of the radio independents against the Radio Corporation, a fight where a Senatorial investigation played an important part. Peace descends upon the industry just before the opening of Radio City, or Rockefeller Center, the $250,000,000 amusement and commercial development in New York.

"The dissolution of the $7,000,000,000 Radio Trust is the greatest victory ever won in the court of public opinion, just as it is the largest combination that has ever been dissolved by the Government," declares Oswald F. Schuette of Washington, a leader of the radio independents.

"The main effect of the present decree," he says, "will be to make it possible for independent manufacturers to obtain radio patent licenses either as a group from the Radio Corporation or separately from the former constituents of the combination. In this way it is to be hoped that any attempt by the Radio Corporation to levy an exorbitant patent royalty can be counteracted by the competition of the American Telephone Company and the General Electric and Westinghouse companies."



Keystone-Underwood

New Home of the RCA

The seventy-story tower in the heart of Rockefeller Center, New York.

BUT "what blame attaches to the Radio Corporation of America," says the Springfield *Union*, "must be shared by the Government itself, which encouraged the electrical companies in the beginning to pool their patents as a measure of protection from foreign encroachments"—

"The complex nature of the case is the result of an investigation by the Government of its own child.

"It encouraged a combine through the issue of patents, and now proceeds to dissolve it as in conflict with the antitrust laws. It was inevitable that the result should be a compromise, by which the patent pool shall be open to freer competition.

"Meanwhile the combine has rendered incalculable service to the entire industry through the development and perfection of its technical side."

"Only time can disclose," says the Washington *News*, "whether the public or the Radio Corporation and its associated companies have actually triumphed in the consent decree," altho "apparently, the close grip on radio patents which resulted in oppressive fees for their use has been broken."

"RADIO Corporation was fortunate," thinks the Milwaukee *Journal*, "in escaping the consequences of its attempted monopoly"—

"It has squared matters before the law. It should realize that this means obeying the spirit of separation, as well as the letter.

"Just as food was too vital to America to allow monopoly, so is control of the air. Now radio is one of the chief means of informing the nation.

"It must be kept as free from dominance as is the press."

It is unfortunate, declares the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, that "the decree leaves unsettled the further attitude of the Federal Government toward the whole philosophy of mergers as they have developed in accordance with the recent trend."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOPICS IN BRIEF

ABOUT all that Uncle Sam is getting is the "stall" in installments.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

PEOPLE who feel the need of a dictator always envision him as dictating to somebody else.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE rarest plant in the world has been discovered in Texas. It must be working full time.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

"COOPERAGE TRADE SEES $20,000,000 IN BEER."—Head-line. One industry which doesn't fear having to come home in a barrel.—*Chicago Daily News.*

IF we were managing a national campaign, we would rather have THE LITERARY DIGEST on our side than a million dollars in the treasury.—*Russellville (Ark.) Courier-Democrat.*

ONE of the States out where men are men has produced Stenographer Babe Didrickson, who cleaned up at the Olympics, and Ma Ferguson, who was elected Governor.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

ANOTHER reason why the chain store does better is because it hasn't 183 relatives with charge accounts.—*Boston Post.*

NATIONS are like that, too. Land-grabbing seems dreadfully wicked to the ones that have grabbed enough.—*San Diego Union.*

AS we understand it, the aim of the latest Japanese drive in Manchuria is to make the Chinese Army commander Hsu for peace.—*Chicago Daily News.*

WRITING on the war, a French novelist asks if history will repeat itself. There is no necessity for this; we all heard it the first time. —*Punch (London).*

WHAT we don't understand is that if Mr. Roosevelt is a dangerous radical, as Mr. Hoover used to think, why did Mr. Hoover call him in for consultation?—*Dallas News.*

JOHN P. O'BRIEN, the incoming Mayor of New York, says that he proposes to be "unruffled." Probably former Mayor Walker took all the ruffles with him, anyway.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

SNICKER in the news: The machines which stamp the words "Buy British" on every letter that goes into a British post-office are themselves stamped "Made in U. S. A."—*Macon Telegraph.*

THOSE stabilized steamships which guarantee the passenger against seasickness may cost a trifle more, but, then, expenses aren't all that it is desirable to keep down on an ocean voyage. —*Boston Herald.*

WE move that Mussolini's middle name, if any, be changed to Violet. The obelisk dedicated to himself, which he unveiled the other day, is only 100 feet high and weighs no more than 300 tons. —*Macon Telegraph.*

A SHOOTING contest organized in an American town was won by a local tailor. It may have been just a coincidence that all his outstanding accounts were settled on the following day.— —*Humorist (London).*

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI remarked the other day that the "ship of international debts" is nearing a safe harbor. He seems to share the hopes of other continental statesmen that Uncle Sam will do all the docking.—*Boston Herald.*

THEY'RE now producing a three-wheeled invalid's chair with a motor run by storage batteries. Here's the last humiliation for us pedestrians—to be knocked out by a hit-and-run octogenarian in this motorized wheel-chair.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A LONDON memory expert has sold his brain to a medical college for $10,000, to be paid in instalments. We can only hope for his sake that he is not the kind of chap who loses his head when he gets a little money.—*Boston Herald.*

WELL, what this country needed was a man with experience in overcoming paralysis.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

THE man who offered to tell what he knew about gang crimes is survived by a wife and three children.—*Minneapolis Star.*

"JAPAN DEFIES LEAGUE; STANDS PAT."—Head-line. And ready, no doubt, to tell it to the world over the mike.—*Chicago News.*

CANADA may ask the United States to cede a strip from the State of Maine. The request has a certain appeal for a Democratic Administration.—*San Diego Union.*

IF, as the physiologists say, soft foods are changing the contour of the human chin, what's the unremitting application of hard grindstone going to do to the human nose?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

STILL, the fact that Colonel Robins was looking for gold in North Carolina goes to show there was something the matter with his mind.—*Macon Telegraph.*

The Overlapping Government Job

—Thomas in the Detroit "News."

A WRITER declares that few poets look like poets nowadays. And not very many write like them either.—*Punch.*

EDITOR of *The Progressive Farmer* demands an honest dollar. Most of us are willing to ask no questions of any dollar's past.—*Dallas News.*

ANOTHER thing the recent election did was to canalize Salt River from the Lakes to the Gulf and from coast to coast.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

SPEAKING of misnomers, there are the hunger marchers who traverse the continent in automobiles, eating regularly.—*Washington Post.*

ONE thing remains to be done in the way of debt-cancelation propaganda. Europe's poet laureates should pen an "Owed to Uncle Sam."—*Chicago Daily News.*

MR. GARNER says that he will continue to go to bed at 8 P. M. even after he takes over the job of presiding over the Senate, but after being asleep all day thataway it looks like he'd be plenty restless going to bed that soon.—*Macon Telegraph.*

ACCORDING to George Bernard Shaw, the substitution of Roosevelt for Hoover won't make any difference to anybody. G. B. S. has never been in the postmaster business.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

OVER in Europe they are speaking of Uncle Sam as Uncle Shylock again. If what he's got back so far is any criterion, we'd be inclined to think that Uncle Shy was nearer the truth. —*Boston Herald.*

IT's just as well for us our pioneer ancestors didn't undertake the civilizing of the West by automobile. With 32,000 motor fatalities annually among the palefaces, the aborigines would still be sitting pretty.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

AN organization of nature-lovers is asking Congress to pick a national tree. Without wishing to prejudge the thing, we'd say offhand that the plum appeals most strongly to the chosen representatives of the people.—*Boston Herald.*

SINCE THE LITERARY DIGEST was so near 100 per cent. right in its straw vote, it seems unnecessary extravagance for the country to go to the bother and expense of holding elections hereafter, altho we don't see how THE DIGEST can manage about kissing babies by mail.—*Ohio State Journal.*

THE Government seemed to get along about as well as usual the six or eight weeks the President, the Cabinet members, and train-loads of assistant secretaries were out in the sticks telling old Josh Taxpayer how indispensable they were, and maybe there's the germ of a thought in that.—*Macon Telegraph.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOREIGN COMMENT

France and Russia Joining Hands

A GREAT TRIUMPH HAS BEEN ACHIEVED by Soviet diplomacy, say some German Communist newspapers in their rejoicing over the pact of conciliation and non-aggression signed by France and Soviet Russia at the end of November.

Russia's diplomatic position is now stronger than ever, admit other German journals, which are not at all predisposed in favor of Communism.

But in France sentiment is divided. The so-called reactionary

A German Sneer at the Franco-Soviet Handclasp

"Now we can rule Europe together!"
—"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).

press condemn and fear France's joining hands with Soviet Russia. On the other hand, French newspapers of the Left parties laud the agreement, and declare that Russia can be a powerful factor for peace.

Now it is arranged that neither France nor Soviet Russia, alone or in conjunction with a third Power, will resort to arms against the other, and that each will respect the territories under the sovereignty of the other.

THE terms stipulate also, according to Paris Associated Press dispatches, that if either party to the agreement is the object of aggression by a third Power, the other party to the agreement will not aid the aggressor directly or indirectly.

Also we are told that if one party should commit an act of aggression against a third Power, the other party to the agreement can immediately withdraw from the pact. These dispatches further relate:

"Both nations agree that neither shall enter any international arrangement hampering the commerce of the other nor interfering with the granting of credits to the other.

"Russia agrees also to refrain from propaganda in France and its colonies.

"Russia, therefore, has stopt all propaganda in Tunis, Morocco, and Indo-China. According to an interpretation furnished by official sources, Russia also will abstain from protecting, aiding, or admitting to Russian soil members of organizations pretending to represent France or French colonies such as the 'Young Tunisians' and the 'Young Annamites.'

"White Russians who have taken refuge in France will be permitted to remain there, however, providing they are not armed."

THE pact is completed, it seems, by the creation of a conciliation board, meeting once a year to discuss and give the governments advisory opinions on all matters outstanding between them.

Various Paris correspondents point out further that this non-aggression pact is distinct from the proposed Franco-Soviet commercial treaty, for which negotiations have been just re-opened.

A fact considered of the highest importance in connection with the Franco-Soviet agreement is that Soviet Russia and Poland, long viewed as traditional enemy countries, also placed the stamp of approval upon two treaties aimed at peaceful relations between them.

Non-aggression and conciliation are the foundation of these agreements, according to Warsaw Associated Press dispatches, and cables from the Polish press to THE LITERARY DIGEST reveal the confidence of the Government in the outcome as evidenced by the remark of the semiofficial *Gazeta Polska* that:

"This is no paper treaty, but one which originated in the sincere desire for peace by two friendly States. The non-aggression pact of two nations with a common frontier is vastly different from a pact between two nations without common borders.

"The Polono-Soviet pact came into being despite the intrigues of third Powers."

A newspaper said to be close to Foreign Minister Beck of Poland, the *Courier Poranny*, notes with satisfaction that the Polish-Soviet treaty "forms an extension of pacts which the Soviets have already signed with Baltic States."

MEANWHILE, cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST from Moscow newspapers indicate that they still demand unrelaxed preparedness for national defense. Thus, the official *Pravda* observes solemnly:

"It is self-evident that the non-aggression pact does not remove the threat of war and intervention overhanging the U. S. S. R.

"The significance of our pact with Poland lies in the fact that it helps our struggle for peace, and expresses a new alinement of forces in the international arena more favorable to us.

"We are firmly determined to carry out all obligations we undertake, but nevertheless understand very well that no diplomatic act can completely guarantee the Soviet Union against attack."

Similar skepticism about the future looms up in another official Moscow journal, *Izvestia*, which claims that all along Russia has been pursuing a policy of peace, and that the signing of these pacts indicates no new policy on her part. Thus:

"We have stretched out our hand offering peace to all governments, and if some responded earlier than others it is possible to speak only of their reorientation, not ours.

"We want to live in peace and collaborate with all governments on a basis of mutual advantage.

"In greeting the ratification of the Soviet-Polish pact, public opinion must be watched attentively, as dark forces are at work seeking salvation through conflagration."

Nothing but gloom appears in a cabled editorial to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the Paris *Ordre*, a Right-Center organ. It foresees catastrophe in Premier Herriot's non-aggression agreements with the Soviets, and also distrusts the Polish-Soviet pact, saying: "This policy of abject pacifism means that France is favoring her enemies at the sacrifice of her friends."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Watchful waiting would seem to be the attitude of the Paris *Temps*, semiofficial mouthpiece of the French Foreign Office, which avers in a reserved tone:

"Of course, all depends upon the way in which such a compact is executed, and the Soviets must be watched to make sure the agreement is respected.

"We had, however, all the more reason to conclude a pact of non-aggression with Russia because it could be useful to our Polish and Roumanian friends and at the same time put an end once and for all to the absurd falsehood long exploited against us that France is the center for preparations for a world war against the Soviet Union."

The Independent-Moderate *Journal des Débats* complains that "the day when it becomes necessary to establish an international bloc against Bolshevik activities, France will be unable to join."

On the other hand, journals of the Left parties commend the treaty, and *L'Œuvre*, semiofficial organ of the Radical-Socialists, points out:

"Russia at present can be a powerful factor for peace.

"She knows that a Far Eastern conflict would be a signal for agitation on her western frontiers, and, conversely, that European troubles would encourage her Asiatic rivals.

"But Russia wants peace not only on account of her declared policy, but because she requires it. If she wants peace, even if we can not agree with her on all matters, we can at least agree on that point."

Cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the English press indicate the feeling there is that both France and Soviet Russia want the same much-debated thing—"security." Says the Liberal Manchester *Guardian:*

"Signature of the pact put a most impressive stone into the system of security which the Soviets have been laboriously building since 1926. The Soviets want security as much as France—for different reasons.

"Russia is as anxious to avoid a race of armaments or war as Italy. She has the longest frontiers in the world.

"Now that she is as safe in Europe and the Middle East as solemn pacts can make her, her unprotected heel is in the distant East, where China and Japan have yet to settle their relations with her, and the United States confronts Siberia across the Bering Strait.

"It is obvious that Russia must decide between Japan and the United States; she can not please both on the Manchurian question. She is conscious of the great advantage of a treaty with the United States, and hopes for much from Roosevelt's victory."

That these new pacts are among the most important events since the war is the impression of various German editors, and an editorial cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the *Taeglische Rundschau*, a newspaper close to Germany's Minister of Defense von Schleicher, puts it this way:

"The Soviet-Polish-French pacts comprise one of the most important events in post-war history. At the beginning of last year Russia found herself diplomatically in an extraordinarily dangerous position of isolation, which the Japanese entrance into Manchuria in September 1931 accentuated.

"Through Litvinoff's clever diplomacy, Russia's diplomatic position is now stronger than ever. Germany's special relationship with Russia through the Rapallo treaty is now greatly devaluated."

A German Communist organ, *Welt am Abend*, is elated at what it deems Soviet Russia's ascendency over Poland, and it avers:

"Poland was forced to abandon her thesis that she is guardian of the Baltic States, since Russia has signed separate non-aggression pacts with the Baltic States.

"Soviet diplomacy, with a determined policy of peace, has achieved a great triumph. With this policy the Soviet Government has forced an understanding with France and Poland without deviating one iota from her principles."

More and More Freedom for Turkish Women

MUCH MORE THAN was first supposed follows the dropping of the veil from the face of Turkish women under the régime of Ghazi Mustafa Kemal, President of the Republic of Turkey.

With this innovation come many others—women police and women lawyers, as well as women judges.

What a revolutionary change this is becomes more striking when it is recalled that only ten years ago a Turkish woman could appear unveiled only before other women, her father, and brothers. At fifteen or sixteen she was married by arrangement to a man she had never seen. Her future was precarious, however, for her husband could get rid of her at a moment's notice. He had merely to state before two witnesses that he had no further need of her, and the marriage was annulled. So writes the Turkey correspondent of the *London Times* and he adds:

"As soon as the Turkish Republic was firmly established, polygamy and the veil were abolished, and marriage and divorce laws based on those of the most highly civilized countries were adopted.

"To-day women are admitted to the universities on an equal footing with men, and are eligible for practically all the professions. They vote at municipal elections, and it is expected that the Parliamentary franchise will shortly be extended to them. They mingle freely with men in the streets, in restaurants, dancing-halls, and cinemas; many are employed in shops and offices."

Wide World

"Miss Universe 1932"

One of Turkey's emancipated women of the Mustafa Kemal era, who is also this year's world beauty champion.

So the Turkish woman is moving rapidly toward complete emancipation. Already she has acquired one notable victory at the expense of women chosen from various Western countries, and we read:

"Keriman Halis Hanum, the Turkish beauty queen for 1932, was lately elected 'Miss Universe.' On her return to Turkey from Spa she was given a civic welcome and an ovation of which a great commander, returning from a long and arduous campaign, might well have been proud.

"The reception accorded her was not prompted merely by national pride at the success of a Turkish girl in a world beauty competition: her triumph was regarded rather as a symbol of the new freedom which Turkish women have won, and a proof to the world that Turkey has shaken off the shackles which kept her so long from taking her place among civilized nations."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moves for a Far East Peace Bloc

ISOLATED INTERNATIONALLY since the outbreak of what they call "the Manchurian incident," Japanese editors are much attracted by the reported proposals of a pact of non-aggression to be made among Japan, Manchuokuo, and the Soviet Union.

The Japanese press realize, it is said, that Russian recognition of the newly created State of Manchuokuo would be a good thing, but as the Tokyo *Trans-Pacific* points out, they do not wish to have Japan "pay too much for it in the form of anything which Russia wants."

At this crucial moment, conclusion of a non-aggression pact would be significant, thinks the Tokyo *Hochi*, and it urges the Government to consider the matter carefully.

The three countries are closely related geographically, economically, and culturally, and this newspaper then notes:

"Relations between Japan and the Soviet Union are basically favorable, as may be seen in the provisional fishery agreement recently signed and the oil contract between the Soviet Naphtha Export Trust and Mr. Kojiro Matsukata.

"There is no sign of trouble or uncertainty between the two countries. The only sore spot is the care with which Japan, Manchuokuo, and the Soviet Union are concentrating their energies on defensive preparations on the border of North Manchuria.

"Tho these preparations are on a comparatively small scale, they tend to arouse nervousness and may possibly result in serious consequences.

"If these countries wish to perpetuate permanent peace in the Far East, the situation must be remedied. This increases the importance of the non-aggression proposal."

The Watchful Waiting Game in the Far East

—"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).

Hochi admits that such a pact may run contrary to the League of Nations and the principle of international cooperation, but it argues also that it must be remembered that there are many offensive and defensive agreements among European countries.

MOREOVER, the non-aggression pact, sponsored by the Soviet Union, is rather a negative proposal, simply pledging the signatories against territorial aggression, and *Hochi* adds:

"It can not be interpreted as inimical to the policy of the League. To secure permanent peace in the Far East is rather difficult for the League of Nations.

"This non-aggression pact may serve as the basis of a sort of peace organization to guarantee peace in the Far East. If concluded in a manner which will prevent the spread of Communist influence in Manchuokuo, it will be very beneficial.

"As the pact would affect relations between the Soviet Union and European countries, the proposal is not welcomed by France and Poland.

"Japan need not take into consideration, however, the effect on the political situation in Europe."

Interest in the move toward such a Far East bloc as the proposed pact might create is shown also by the Foreign Minister of Manchuokuo, Mr. Hsieh Chieh-shih, who was interviewed by Japanese reporters on his arrival at Shimonoseki on the way to Tokyo to thank the Emperor for Japan's formal recognition of his country.

In the strictest sense, peace in the Orient, he is reported to have said, "must be based on an entente among Japan, Manchuokuo, the Soviet Union, and China."

BUT in the immediate present, Manchuokuo's Foreign Minister is quoted in Rengo press dispatches as declaring—

"Manchuokuo's greatest diplomatic problem has to do with its relations with the Soviet Union. The Soviets have already consented to the opening of Manchuokuo consulates in their territory and are in a position to accord *de jure* recognition shortly to Manchuokuo.

"The non-aggression pact which is reported to have been proposed by the Soviet Union in exchange for recognition, however, must be considered carefully in the light of Manchuokuo's fundamental spirit, the Way of the Sage-King.

"Incidental to the recognition question is the Chinese Eastern Railway problem, which is very delicate.

"If a Manchuokuo-Soviet agreement is concluded, everything will be solved amicably. We hope most ardently for a friendly understanding with the Soviet Union as a contribution to establishing peace in the Orient."

HOW definite the Soviet idea is about signing a non-aggression pact only with Manchuokuo, as suggested by some Tokyo journals, is made clear in the utterance of the official Moscow *Izvestia* that the Soviet Government will sign no such pact without the simultaneous signature of a similar pact by Japan with Moscow.

The Balky World Economic Conference

SOME British pessimists are beginning to doubt whether the World Economic Conference, from which so much is expected, will ever take place. Says the London *New Statesman*—

"The root difficulty is, of course, that there is at present not even the beginning of an agreement among the leading Powers about what ought to be done, or even what ought to be discust.

"The Ottawa Agreements have made practically hopeless any concerted attack on tariffs and other business in the way of world trade; and the proposal to raise world prices by international action breaks down in face of the determination of certain sections to make the general restoration of the gold standard a condition of their help, and of the refusal of others to dissever monetary action from action designed to reduce the non-monetary obstacles in the way of trade.

"In fact, so bleak are the prospects as to make many people very doubtful whether it is worth while to hold the conference at all—even tho to abandon it would be to throw up the sponge altogether, and to declare the intellectual as well as the economic bankruptcy of the capitalist world."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pessimism on the French Stage

"NOT IN THE BEST OF HEALTH." That is the diagnosis of the French stage to-day, made by Philip Carr, veteran Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*.

He mentions tho, not as signs of decadence, that nine Paris theaters, and some of the most prominent, are giving adaptations of English, German, American, Czech, or Hungarian plays.

This, indeed, is largely "an expression of the growing internationalism everywhere"; yet he points out that "French authors easily supplied every kind of want in the French theater twenty years ago."

But to-day—

"The French playgoer has enlarged his outlook, and the French playwright has not always followed him in extending his range of subjects.

"Moreover, even within that restricted range, some of the most talented French writers seem to have an obsession for the subtly and analytically introspective, if not for the morbid, and to be weighed down with a hopeless pessimism—which states of mind by no means stand in the way of great works of art but do handicap an industry whose main object must always be to provide relaxation."

HERE is Mr. Carr's glance around the plays produced by French writers to-day:

"Marcel Achard's 'Domino' is a work of charming fancy, but it is a survival from last season, and is soon coming to an end. From last season also are René Fauchois's 'Prenez Garde à la Peinture' [adapted here by Sidney Howard under the title, 'The Late Christopher Bean,' and current at the Henry Miller Theater, New York], and Jacques Deval's 'Mademoiselle' [adapted by Grace George and produced by William A. Brady for the present Playhouse season], and, moreover, there is a bitter side to the comedy of each of these, as there certainly is to that of 'Chambre d'Hôtel,' another survivor from before the holidays, altho the human types and pocket tragedies in that rather sordid bedroom are extremely interesting, and have a unity which is surprizing, as they are quite unconnected with one another.

"But what of the new productions of the autumn season?

"We have had one entertaining peep-show of the Moulin Rouge dancing-hall and its habitués in 1900, but its charm is rather that of an historical pageant of costume than a play. It is called 'Valentin le Désossé,' and its central character is the quaint figure of the man who danced in the famous 'Quadrille' with La Goulue and her companions—all of whom would probably be forgotten by now if it were not for the genius of the pictures which Toulouse-Lautrec has left of them."

Then Mr. Carr turns to four new plays of real interest, "all of which, however, are profoundly pessimistic, and two of which have taken abnormal mental or moral states as their themes."

From "Arts et Metiers Graphiques" (Paris)

Back in the 'Nineties

Valentin le Désossé dancing with La Goulue at the Moulin Rouge, as seen by Toulouse-Lautrec.

"Edouard Bourdet's 'Fleur des Pois' was naturally expected to be brilliant and amusing. In fact, it is neither.

"Coming from him, it could not fail to show a keen observation of fashionable follies and of the superficial expressions of character; but its theme is not only unpleasant, it is tedious.

"Lenormand's 'Sortilèges' [Sorceries] is not only upon an infinitely higher psychological level, but it is artistically an achievement.

"His picture of a man and a woman who are modern slaves of a belief in sorcery—he as the weaver of spells and she as the victim of them—contains some splendid passages, which are all the more humanly true because the author suggests that the occult influences are at least in part a matter of auto-suggestion, and that amorous passion and temperamental instability are the really responsible motives.

"For all its beauty, however, the play has about it not only an atmosphere of mystery and gloom but one of mental ill-health, which is not sufficiently relieved by powerful dramatic qualities to be other than depressing."

SPEAKING of two plays that are free of objectionable elements, Denys Amiel's "Age of Iron," at the Comédie Française and André de Richaud's "Château of the Popes," at the Atelier, are not "mentally or morally abnormal," but one is dull and the other pessimistic:

"'L'Age de Fer' is a long, serious, but, theatrically, not very interesting attack upon mechanical appliances and the disturbing complications which they have added to modern life.

"'Le Château des Papes' has much more vitality. Indeed, it places its young author—this is his second play—among the playwrights who clearly have something to say about life and clearly have the instinct for expressing that something in dramatic form.

"The pessimism of it is, however, unrelieved. The confidence and hope of youth are as vain an illusion as the wisdom of age. The worldly cardinal, who abjures his former life and turns to religion when he becomes Pope, finds as little satisfaction as his son, who dashes himself against the rocks of hard fact.

"When it is added that the text is much too long, that the author has not the experience to present his richness of material without confusion, and that Dullin's method of production has the annoying restlessness of irrelevant movement and falsely symbolical stage grouping, it will be understood that in spite of its merits the play is not likely to be a success.

"Indeed, none of these four plays is likely to be a success. That reward will probably go to the elegant stage scamp, Jules Berry, who represents a blandly plausible card-sharper and coward in an adaptation from the Hungarian at the Œuvre, or to the adaptation of 'Miracle at Verdun,' or to that of 'Five Star Final' [American]."

But, says the optimistic Mr. Carr, "the turn of the French plays will surely come again."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Behind the Scenes With Chevalier

"I AM BUSY ON THE SET.

"Out of the corner of my eye I see a man sitting quietly in a corner of the studio.

"He does not talk or laugh with any of the others. He does not read.

"He is relaxed, grave, and serious."

This is the famous director, Ernst Lubitsch, writing in *The Daily Express* (London), the man who directs Maurice Chevalier's pictures, and he gives a portrait in which the artistic personality of the man and the private one are oddly at variance.

"O. K. for sound!"

"Camera!"

Rings out the voice of Lubitsch, then, in his own words:

"Before us, in a split second, is the same man.

"The same man did I say?

"No, a very different man, a man of force and sparkle, a very dynamo of a man, whose under lip sticks out, and whose irresistible personality has captivated millions of men and women all over the world. Maurice Chevalier.

"On the screen Maurice Chevalier treats women as men think they would like to treat women. Thus he achieves popularity with both sexes. Women adore him because he does not take them for granted, men admire him because he is not the standard lover type, and is always ready to laugh off every misdemeanor with that gay, wicked smile.

"That gay smile, however, is only partly indicative of his personality. He is certainly gay, and he has an exquisite, a subtle, sense of humor. But, off the screen, Maurice is essentially a serious person. He is expected to be funny and amusing. He is neither, tho he has a lively appreciation of other people's humor.

"In all our association together—this goes back three years to 'The Love Parade'—I have never heard him make a vulgar joke.

"If I have a quarrel with Chevalier, it is that he is almost too absorbed in his profession. I know no artist who takes his work more seriously.

"To him every scene has the same importance as a first night to a stage actor. He brings to it the same enthusiasm, the same desire to please. A boyish quality, and very likable in a man who has achieved such world renown, and who might reasonably be expected to be a little blasé sometimes.

"I have no fault to find, directorially, with his absorption in his work, for he becomes a tireless cooperator in our quest for the ultimate perfection. But when work is over he still wants to think and talk work. That is not so good.

"I do not think he has any interests outside his work, except, perhaps, his villa in the south of France. He talks excitedly about that. 'My castle in France' he calls it, with expressive, Gallic hands high in the air, indicating an imaginary castle in Spain."

So dynamic is Maurice Chevalier when he is on the job, we are told, that "if he sings full strength he almost shatters the mike." And—

"Tell him to tone down, and he becomes nervous and unnatural. I have found that his songs register the best when he is very tired. When he has worn himself out, when he says, 'Well, Ernst, shall we call it a day?' I say, 'You are tired? So. Now we shall shoot your new song.'

"There is no trouble between us of the kind that is popularly supposed to occur between star and director. Sometimes he would protest, gently, when I tried to tell him, in my German accent, how he, in his French accent, should speak English.

"One day we were arguing how 'word' should be pronounced. 'No, Maurice,' I said, 'not verd. *Vurd.*' Somebody broke in, 'What you two guys mean is *woid.*'"

Mr. Lubitsch opens no door to romance between Chevalier and Jeannette MacDonald with whom he appears:

"I have directed Jeannette and Maurice in a sparkling, passionate love scene together. They are in each other's arms, and each swears eternal devotion to the other.

"Then she goes and sits in her chair, a remote look in her eyes, thinking of Bob [Robert Ritchie]. Chevalier sits quietly in his corner, thinking of . . . whom? Nobody knows."

Orpen Disillusioned by War

JUST BEFORE ARMISTICE DAY, a memorial volume to the painter Sir William Orpen was published in London.

The time was fitting, writes John MacDonald in *The Star* (London), since Orpen was the one painter more than others "who, after long experience of the war front in France, used his paint-brush to expose warfare and war-lords with all the pictorial power he possest."

He was commissioned to paint the Peace Conference, and he worked months on a huge canvas that was filled with all the portraits of the participants, but, writes Mr. MacDonald, "the time came when, with superb effrontery, he wiped all the statesmen out of his picture and inserted a catafalque guarded by two soldiers from the grave, playing upon rifles as if they were banjoleles." The writer quotes Orpen's words on the matter:

"It was arranged that I was to group there the politicians and generals and admirals who had won the war. I made studies for them. I painted the room, and then I grouped the whole thirty-nine, or whatever the number was, in the room.

"It took me nine months' incessant painting; hard work. And then, you know, I couldn't go on. It all seemed so unimportant, somehow.

"In spite of all these eminent men, I kept thinking of the soldiers who remain in France forever. . . . So I rubbed all the statesmen and commanders out and painted the picture as you see it—the unknown soldier guarded by his dead comrades."

THE title of the picture was "Hall of Peace," and critics of the time referred to Orpen's "bad taste," "chill and grisly fancy," "marvelous still-life painting with unnecessary irritating sentimental accessories."

One voice only was raised in praise.

Mr. MacDonald adds a further comment:

"The two figures guarding the Unknown Warrior were found to be based on Orpen's drawing of a dead soldier titled 'Blown Up—Mad.' Before the picture could be accepted by the Imperial War Museum a revision was insisted upon, and in its present form the picture is without the two resurrected soldiers."

The Daily Mail adds a story concerning a picture called "Early Morning," which has sometimes been described as the execution of the famous spy, Mata Hari:

"In 1916, Orpen was sent with other well-known British artists to France to paint war pictures. He knew nothing of discipline, jeered at pomposity, and was soon in trouble over his picture, 'The Refugee,' originally called 'The Spy.'

"Asked to explain how the picture came to be painted, he told a cock-and-bull story of going into the French lines, where a beautiful girl was being taken out to be shot as a spy.

"Knowing the susceptible hearts of the French poilus, she had arranged her clothing so that at the moment before the order to fire was given, she was able, by undoing a button, to stand at the place of execution in all her naked loveliness—and, of course, the rifles were not fired.

"Orpen never supposed that the story would be taken seriously. But it was. And this and other irregularities caused him to be sent home."

The Cover

THIS charming head of the "Happy Youngster" is by the late, much-lamented artist, Robert Henri.

He was one of the great forces in modern American Art, both as painter and teacher.

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1865, "his several years of independent study in Italy, Spain, and France broadened his understanding of the fundamentals as demonstrated by the masters without in the least undermining the true American spirit of his art." So writes Lorinda M. Bryant in "American Pictures and Their Painters."

This portrait of a smiling girl, who was probably seen among the peasants of western Ireland, was acquired this year by Mrs. Shillard-Smith at the Grand Central Art Galleries, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ishmaels of To-day

FRANK ONCE HAD DREAMS of flying a mail plane. But, tired and hungry, he became involved in a hold-up, and is now in prison for six years.

Fred left home, after his father deserted the family, cast about for something to do, met an older man, and was drawn into a petty robbery. At sixteen he is serving a prison sentence.

Not isolated instances these. "They are taking place daily all around us," says George Hallwachs, head of the Central Registration Bureau for the Homeless in New York City, "and when one takes into account the cumulative effects of such tragedy as applied to thousands of boys who are at the critical turning of their lives, one comes face to face with a stark reality which can exact a heavy penalty in the future."

Wide World

With Hunger for a Sauce

It may be a long time before these boys eat again, for they are of the army of the homeless, always en route, finding food and shelter where they can. Their number is said to be 200,000.

Out of 200,000 homeless boys roving the country in search of food and bed, 5,000 are reported in New York City, according to a survey by the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee of the effects of unemployment on community welfare. A boys' bureau has been established by the Charity Organization Society and the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, and 1,000 have been helped.

However, William Church Osborn, president of the Children's Aid Society, estimates the number of homeless boys found at large in New York City at only 2,500. The larger estimate, he says in a letter to the New York *Times*, includes duplications. Many of the young wanderers, Mr. Osborn writes, were in the city for only a few days and until arrangements could be made to return them to their homes. The others are being cared for. Since January 1, Mr. Osborn states, the Children's Aid Society has provided food, shelter, clothes, and often employment for 2,058 of such boys.

Mr. Osborn is careful to state that he does not wish "to minimize or ignore the growing needs of boys of this kind. We find," he says, "a steady increase in needy boys. Lately we find the situation becoming more acute and we face helping many pathetic and desperate boys and young men during the winter."

To return to him, Mr. Hallwachs takes a more serious view of the problem in its local and national aspect. The public, he says, might well be shocked to learn of the hideous unnecessary tragedy of boys forced by the economic crisis to wander about the country meagerly fed, poorly clothed, and being told to "move on" at every State border.

"Much more shocking, however, as well as unbelievable," goes on Mr. Hallwachs, as *The Times* quotes him, "is the fact that in the gradual building up of an elaborate and scientific social-service structure, the boys from sixteen to twenty-one have been left out of special account. Somehow a boy, because he is a boy, has been expected to take care of himself, with varying results to his integrity and to our own personal safety."

Forced into an unequal struggle for existence, this army of youth "is a potential menace to the social order of the nation," warns this social-service worker. "With the ranks ordinarily recruited from orphanages, reformatories, and broken homes swelled because of the unemployment crisis by boys with good home training and background this situation is serious."

An article on this baffling problem appeared in these pages September 3. It is said to have become worse since then. The coming of winter is driving the young wanderers South and West to communities already overburdened with their own unemployed and hungry, and they are passed on from one city to the next. Dr. A. W. McMillen, field worker for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, found freight-trains on the Pacific coast alive with thousands of transients, we read in the Helena *Independent*. At Klamath Falls, Oregon, he found the "jungles" housing 400 old and new-made tramps. A Georgia survey revealed that of the hordes passing through that State 41 per cent. were boys under sixteen.

"Here," says this Montana paper, "is a problem that calls for instant action. Delay means new and more costly problems of crime, degeneracy, and deterioration."

Wait! Don't Jump!

THE policeman held on, struggling to pull the man back from the superstructure of the George Washington Memorial Bridge. But the man's clothes gave way, and the officer watched the body hurtle down and saw the splash in the waters of the Hudson. A few hours later harbor police recovered the body and placed it alongside other silent tenants of the morgue.

Had the suicide been to see Dr. Harry M. Warren, president and founder of the National Save-a-Life League, he might have been persuaded not to give up. For, at the society's twenty-sixth anniversary luncheon in New York recently, Dr. Warren reported that he had had interviews with 2,900 people who contemplated suicide, and that most of them had been dissuaded. He predicted the figure would be 3,000 by the end of this month.

One-third of the would-be suicides are mental cases, which he submits to psychiatrists, says Dr. Warren, as the New York *Herald Tribune* quotes him. The others he treated in his little office with "human sympathy and understanding." Occasionally he gives financial aid, but "the one sure remedy lies in Paul's message to his Philippian jailer, 'believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.'"

The suicide rate of New York City, says George Le Brun, secretary of the office of the Chief Medical Examiner, is four a day. It might have been a round dozen a day were it not for the Save-a-Life League.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prodigal Baptists

NO ONE BUT A BAPTIST WOULD BELIEVE that Baptists are a roistering crew.

In fact, a Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, or any other denominationalist would hotly deny such a serious accusation.

Yet the Southern Baptist Handbook for 1932 asserts that Southern Baptists are "still wasting money in riotous living," and reports a "miserable and tragic fall-off in contributions." And, believe it or not, in spite of this bad example, they made the largest annual membership gain since 1923, and set some other records.

It seems, according to the handbook, which comes out of the Nashville headquarters, that the Southern Baptists spent $166,000,000 for their own pleasure and amusement last year, and gave their church only $32,618,125, a per capita contribution of about $8.27, which some others think is not so bad.

The handbook compiler goes on to say that "the great losses and 'hard times' which have come upon Southern Baptists by reason of the present prolonged depression have not stopt them from wasting their substance in riotous living. Southern Baptists waste sufficient money, along five or six lines of extravagant living, every year to finance the whole program of Southern Baptist work."

They spend, the report says, over $40,000,000 a year on tobacco, from $25,000,000 to $40,000,000 on moving-pictures, more than $21,000,000 on once-a-week automobile outings, $35,000,000 for soft drinks and chewing-gum, and more than $43,000,000 for cosmetics and beauty-parlor bills.

For church work the Southern Baptists contributed in 1931 $32,618,125.56, which is smaller than the contribution for 1930 by $4,870,892.72, a decrease of 12.99 per cent.

"God pity us and help us!" comments Dr. E. P. Alldredge, secretary of the department of survey, statistics, and information of the Sunday School Board, as he signs the outspoken handbook.

But before the other denominations consign the Southern Baptists to pity, let them read that in 1931 the very same Southern Baptists achieved one of the greatest records in all their history.

THE membership gain, the largest annual gain reported since 1923, was 94,288, bringing the total membership to 3,944,566. Baptisms totaled 211,253, the largest number since 1925. And for the first time since 1925, gains were reported in the number of churches and Sunday-schools—seventy-five for the former, and 325 for the latter.

The gain of 113,727 in Sunday-school enrolment is the greatest the denomination has ever known, except in 1922, the report asserts. The present total Sunday-school enrolment is given as 2,952,910.

"We now have the largest single body of organized young people of any denomination in America," says the handbook, in reporting an enrolment of 546,948 in Baptist Young People's Unions. Here a net gain of 12,792 members and 896 unions is shown.

Which is a pretty good mark to shoot at.

But then, there's all that waste.

"That the elders of the church should spend so much on plug and smoking, the children on movies, and the adolescents on pop and gum, is not surprizing," says the Montgomery *Advertiser*, which is right where the Baptists are pretty thick, "but that the ladies of the home missionary society and their charming daughters of the B. Y. P. U. gild should let their deaconly fathers and husbands put up $40,000,000 a year to give rouge to smiling cheeks or a blackened pencil-stroke to flirtatious eyebrows, seems incredible. Something," sighs *The Advertiser*, "will really have to be done about it. This riotous living of the South will have to cease."

Bigotry Voted Down

CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS combined to elect Herbert H. Lehman, a Jew, to the governorship of New York State, defeating a Catholic in the process.

Creed played little part in politics. Catholics voted for and against Catholics, Protestants for and against Protestants, Jews for and against Jews.

After January 1, three other States will have Jewish Governors, and a fourth will have as Governor one who was born a Jew and is now a Christian.

Four Catholics at least were elected to the United States Senate, which will have a total of eight Catholic Senators. A number of Catholics and Jews will take seats in the House of Representatives.

Two members of the Supreme Court of the United States are Jews, and any number of Jews and Catholics hold judiciary posts and other positions in national, State, and city governments.

To some observers this marks the end of religious bigotry in politics and the definite removal of the Ku Klux Klan from the sphere of political influence.

With minor exceptions, says a National Catholic Welfare Conference News Service dispatch in *The Catholic News* (New York), the question of religion was not raised, directly or indirectly, in the election. "The one-hundred-per-cent.-American slogan seems to have been thrust into storage along with the other political clap-trap of forgotten campaigns. It is generally recognized that the chances of dragging it out again are remote. In the campaign of 1932 neither religion nor race was made a qualification for political office. Catholics, Protestants, and Jews were to be found in the front ranks of both political parties."

Everybody will recall that Gov. and President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt, an Episcopalian, and former Gov. Alfred E. Smith, twice a Presidential candidate, a Catholic, joined forces to elect Lieutenant-Governor Lehman, a Jew, to be chief executive of New York.

Three other States which will have Jews as Governors are Illinois, Henry Horner, first term; New Mexico, Arthur Seligman, reelected, and Oregon, Julius L. Meier, incumbent.

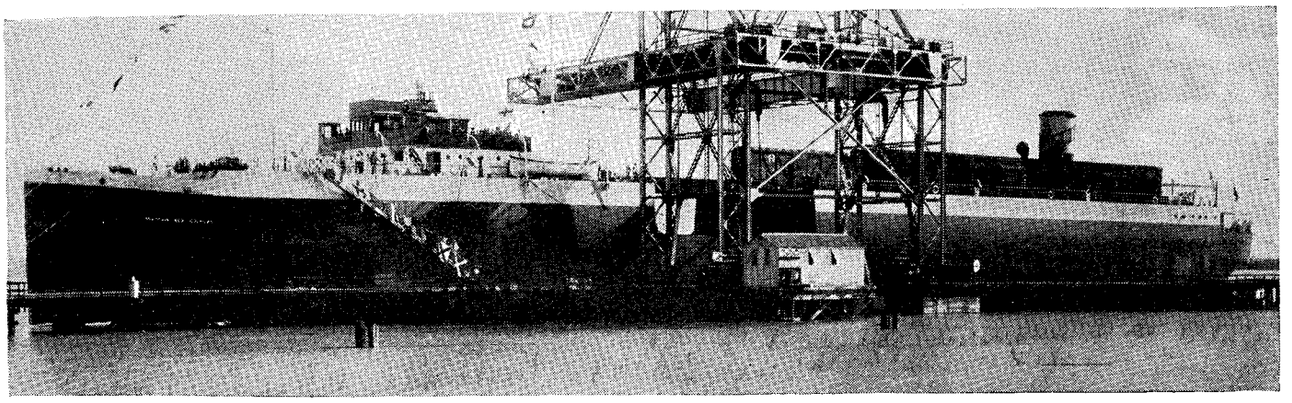
The four successful Catholic candidates for the Senate are Augustine Lonergan, of Connecticut; Lewis Murphy, of Iowa; Patrick McCarron, of Nevada, and F. Ryan Duffy, of Wisconsin. Hold-over Catholic Senators are Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana; Henry F. Ashurst, of Arizona; David I. Walsh, of Massachusetts; Felix Hebert, of Rhode Island.

WHETHER any Catholics will be appointed to important administrative posts, says the above dispatch, is, of course, a matter for the President-elect to decide. Theodore Roosevelt, we are reminded, established something of a precedent in this respect by appointing a Catholic and a Jew to his Cabinet, but it has not been followed since.

Twelve States, and possibly more, will have Jewish representatives in their State Legislatures, writes Henry S. Levy in *The American Hebrew and Jewish Tribune* (New York). At the time of his writing the check-up showed:

"New York State, with seven State Senators and twenty-three Assemblymen, has the largest Jewish representation in its legislative chambers. Pennsylvania has elected a Jewish representation that includes one State Senator and thirteen Assemblymen. Two Jews will sit in the Massachusetts Governor's Council, six others have been elected to the Lower House. Three Senators and five Assemblymen comprise the Connecticut delegation. Five Jews will sit in the New Jersey Assembly. Two Assemblymen have been elected from California. One Senator and one Representative comprise the representation from each of two States, Missouri and Rhode Island. Denver has sent two Jews to the Colorado Legislature. Ohio has elected two Senators and one Representative to its Legislature, while Illinois has elected one State Senator and Nebraska one Assemblyman."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Seatrain New Orleans" Loading at the Terminal

A Cargo of Cars

WE HAVE ALL SEEN a few railroad cars traveling across a harbor on a ferry-boat or a scow.

But the "seatrain" is something different. It is an ocean-going ship that will hold a hundred loaded freight-cars.

The cars are not run aboard as on a ferry. Huge cranes pick them from their tracks on the wharf and lower them into the ship, where they rest on other tracks.

The cranes load and unload the ship at the same time. The average time of handling a car is only three minutes. Says *The Marine Review* (Cleveland):

"Two new and unique American-built ocean-going vessels for transporting cargoes of loaded railroad freight-cars have entered service. The *Seatrain New York* and *Seatrain Havana*, built by the Sun Shipbuilding Company, Chester, Pennsylvania, were launched in September last, and are now at work.

"Thus is inaugurated one of the most revolutionary changes in ocean freight transportation since the replacement of sail by steam. Tho this system of transportation had its inception when the first vessel of this type, the *Seatrain New Orleans*, built in England, entered regular service between New Orleans and Havana in January, 1929, the full effect of this method of carrying cargo was not widely recognized until this invasion of the port of New York.

"The United States Shipping Board has granted the company temporary permission to operate for six months pending the board's consideration of 'the effect with respect to present carriers and the development of new business.' The Interstate Commerce Commission has denied the petition of nine railroads for the right to bar the interchange of freight with these ships.

"The vessels are not of the car-ferry type, in which the cars are run from the shore rails onto the vessels, but have the appearance of tankers. The loaded cars are lifted from the shore rails and placed aboard the ship upon rails which are laid on four decks. The superstructure, main, 'tween decks and hold are all laid with steel rails for carrying railroad cars and with jack rails for centering, securing, and stowing them. Machinery space is located in the extreme stern.

"Suitable arrangements are made for trimming to an even keel, fore and aft and athwartship, whatever the variation of cargo weight may be. Cargo pumps are located in two watertight pump-rooms.

"The cars are held in place on the rails in the ship by screw jacks secured to the special jacking rails and by special quick-operating rail clamps. The loading crane is so arranged that it will lower the cradle over the different tracks as necessary to keep the vessel properly trimmed. There are no switches from one track to the other in the hold of the vessel.

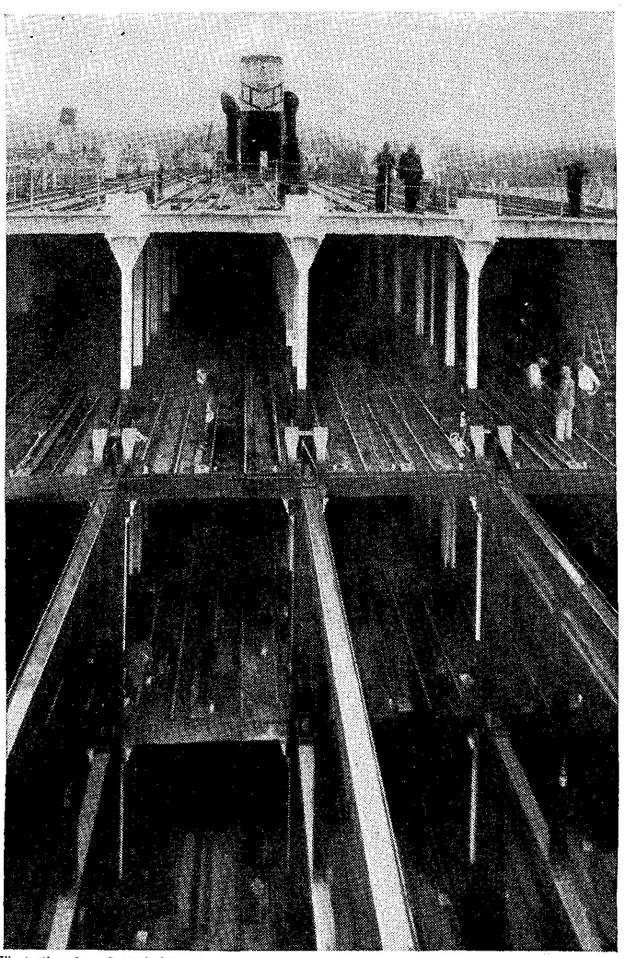
"Any doubt as to the practicability of handling freight-cars in this way, due to the lost space in the vessel, is dispelled by the saving in handling time, the elimination of labor cost, and a quick turn around of the ship which more than compensates for any loss of space.

"There are certain kinds of commodities impossible to handle or transport overseas with profit by any other means.

"Each of the vessels has a capacity of 100 cars. All can be unloaded and an equal number loaded into the vessel in approximately ten hours.

"In this new method of cargo-handling, the cost of receiving, checking, weighing, and handling of cargo at terminals together with the maintenance of covered terminals is practically eliminated, thereby greatly reducing the cost from that of the ordinary piecemeal handling of cargo.

"Using freight-cars at sea for carrying goods is economical. The cars eliminate the necessity of packing merchandise in whole or part."



Illustrations from Seatrain Lines, Inc.

View of the Tracks

On the three decks and superstructure of the Seatrain ship.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Worse Than a Crime; It's a Blunder"

THAT'S PROF. RAYMOND PEARL'S opinion of birth control, apparently.

Its methods are almost universally known, he declares, yet statistics show that they lessen the birth-rate only slightly among the better classes and actually increase it among the lower.

In *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich.) the following comment appears:

"The world-wide agitation about birth control, due chiefly to the efforts of a group of excellent and well-meaning women against much opposition, has no doubt been prompted by the

Finds a Strange Paradox

Investigations by Prof. Raymond Pearl reveal that "the effect of birth-control is to lessen the birth-rate among the better classes and to increase it among the lower types."

best of motives, but some, including the writer, have been inclined to the opinion that the birth-control campaign has on the whole done more harm than good.

"The precious contraceptive information which the good women are so eager to impart offers nothing new among the several tricks devised for thwarting biologic fortuities.

"The chief devices offered are all old and well known to practically every male old enough to be capable of fatherhood and at least nine-tenths of schoolgirls of high-school age. The question has been seriously raised whether the discussion of this question has not tended to lower the standards of sex morality among the present generation."

BIRTH-CONTROL advocates have maintained that the good accomplished in lightening the burdens of poor, overworked, and unprivileged mothers more than amply balances any harm done, but, we are told:

"The evidence offered in support of these claims for the beneficent value of birth-control methods has lacked the support of statistical data. Recently, Dr. Raymond Pearl, of Johns Hopkins University, one of the world's best-known authorities in biology, has made a critical study of the subject by the aid of a number of trained obstetricians, and has found that the methods advocated by birth-control propagandists are well known to women and are largely in use, not only by the so-called higher classes, but by Negro women and women of the laboring classes.

"Dr. Pearl made a special study of the effect of birth control upon the birth-rate in women of both classes. His carefully collected and analyzed statistics, based upon the interrogation of two thousand women, showed that in the case of white women, one-third of whom practised birth-control methods, the birth-rate was lowered about one-twentieth.

"In Negro women, however, the surprizing fact appeared that the birth-rate, notwithstanding the use of contraceptive means, was actually increased instead of diminished.

"This seeming paradox is explained by the suggestion that the Negro women who practise contraceptive methods are more fertile than average women.

"It appears, then, that the effect of birth control is to lessen the birth-rate among the better classes and to increase it among the lower types. In other words, its actual influence is the opposite of the effect claimed in justification of its advocacy by birth-control enthusiasts.

"Professor Pearl's penetrating analysis of the great mass of data collected justify conclusions which can not be ignored."

Man a Poor Faster

MAN DOES NOT SHOW UP VERY WELL, compared with the animals, in a hunger test.

True, he will live for ten or twelve days without food or water, and, if he takes water, for weeks; but some of the animals can do much better.

Says Professor Hartkopf, in the *Kölnische Zeitung:*

"Animals that seem to succumb to a fast with surprizing promptness must be considered in comparison with others whose records are quite different.

"If the average songbird be deprived absolutely of food, it will succumb, as a rule, in a couple of days.

"Many other small animals, like squirrels, survive no longer than the fourth day of a fast.

"However, the winter sleep of the hedgehog, and his fast, will last from three to four months, while a variety of woodchuck fasts for more than four months without any kind of nourishment whatever.

"Beasts of prey, including birds, in the vicissitudes to which they are liable where the food supply is concerned, show a wonderful capacity to adjust themselves to unfavorable circumstances and readily endure fasts of two weeks and longer.

"All these records are surpassed by those of fishes, turtles, salamanders, snakes, and the like.

"The Rhenish salmon, during the long period of some nine months, which it spends for spawning purposes in fresh water, takes no nourishment whatever.

"Astonishing as this record may seem, it is surpassed by that of many reptiles, which fast for a whole year when compelled by circumstances, and emerge in fairly good condition from the experience.

"Man, under the somewhat enervating influence of civilization, has undoubtedly lost much of his physical endurance. By comparison with the inferior organisms, he emerges only moderately well from this form of competition."

House-Heating With the Kitchen Range

AN anthracite-burning kitchen range, which besides furnishing heat for cooking, is capable of heating a six-room house, humidifying the air, and supplying hot water, was demonstrated to the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers in Hazleton, Pennsylvania, recently. Says the Hazleton *Standard-Sentinel:*

"The new stove, developed by the research department of the Jeddo-Highland Coal Company, does away with the basement furnace and, by supplying humidified warm air by forced draft through a small outlet in each room, eliminates radiators.

"The ordinary six-room house can be heated, including fuel for cooking and hot water, with five or six tons of coal a year, according to Donald Markle, president of the company. The stove will be on the market within a few months, he said, and will sell, including installation of the complete heating system, at a price only slightly higher than that of an ordinary range.

"By incorporating scientific principles of heating, heat and gases that ordinarily go up the chimney are utilized to warm the house. This utilization of heat and saving of coal is made possible by insulation of the stove and by a system of air-circulation that extracts heat from heat-exchangers through which smoke and gases from the fire pass on their way to the chimney.

"A feature of the stove is that it has two fire-boxes with electrically operated forced drafts for quick starting. Both boxes are connected with the heating system, but, except in severe weather, only the cooking unit is necessary to heat the house. Insulation of the stove makes possible the concentration of heat, and prevents overheating the kitchen in warm weather. Another feature is the automatic removal of ashes."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW BUICK FOR 1933

Hundreds of thousands of people have viewed the new Buick during the past few days. Additional thousands are viewing it daily. Most significant of all is the large percentage of owners of high as well as low priced cars who are uniting with Buick owners in paying tribute to this new Straight Eight.

The reasons are many: The new Buicks are even bigger and more beautiful than ever. They are 2 inches lower and wheelbases are 4 inches to 9 inches longer. They have completely new Bodies by Fisher with distinctive Wind-Stream Styling. They also have new Fisher No-Draft Ventilation (individually controlled)—one of the greatest health, comfort and safety factors since the closed body. This permits *each* passenger to have the ventilation he desires without danger of drafts to other occupants.

The new, even sturdier Buick chassis has a rigid X-Type frame, assuring even greater endurance and road-steadiness. The new Buick Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine is cushioned in live rubber at five points of suspension, assuring an even higher degree of that smooth, powerful performance for which Buick is so famous.

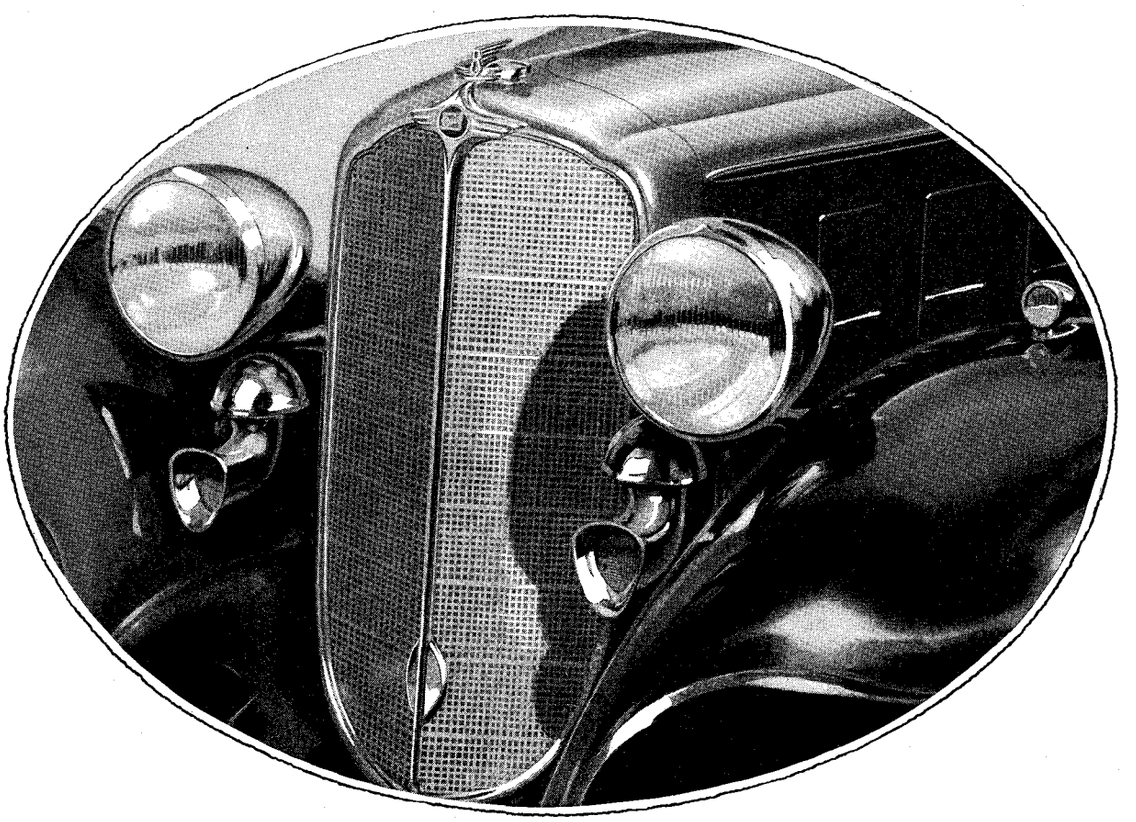
Many other advancements, including new Safety Glass, new Inertia Controlled Automatic Shock Absorbers, refined Automatic Clutch and greatly improved visibility from the driver's seat, assure the final degree of handling ease, riding comfort and safety.

All who see it agree that this is the finest Buick ever built. Also that Buick's moderate prices make it an exceptional dollar value. For the new Buick costs very little more per month than smaller cars, on the G.M.A.C. plan. And Buick after Buick has proved its ability to give many years of fine, reliable motoring.

But come see and drive the new Buick yourself. Such an examination will quickly convince you of its outstanding quality and value. And remember, Buick's proved capacity to give *more and better miles* makes Buick for 1933 a truly economical, as well as satisfying, motor car investment.

Product of General Motors

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



ENGINE CUSHIONED IN RUBBER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

When a Man Imagines He Is Someone Else

"A PROLONGED WAKING PHENOMENON somewhat allied to sleep-walking."

Does that description fit the strange case of Raymond Robins, over which a war of words and opinions is raging?

Copyright by International

Colonel Robins in His "Rogers" Personality—and Overalls

Does it fit similar but less notorious cases of missing men, whose number increases as the depression persists?

Was Colonel Robins, in effect, "sleep-walking" when he failed to keep an appointment with President Hoover last September 6, and disappeared, only to turn up in the Smoky Mountains of North Carolina, wearing overalls, carrying the pick, spade, and wash-pan of a gold prospector, and calling himself "Reynolds Rogers?"

How the famous Prohibitionist crusader, thus disguised, spent the following two and a half months in and about the little mountain village of Whittier, is history now. What remains is a vehement discussion as to the possibility and probability of his actually having forgotten his own identity in the interim.

It's an attractive puzzle, depending partly on science and partly on common sense. The scientific part of it is limited by the fact that no psychiatric diagnosis of the Colonel's case has been made public at this writing. In a general way, however, the possibilities of such a lapse of memory and substitution of personality seem to be firmly established, according to an article by Thomas R. Henry in the Washington *Evening Star*.

Our opening sentence, with its suggestion of a sleep-walking parallel, is quoted from Mr. Henry's article. He writes:

However fantastic in its details, the case of Col. Raymond Robins represents only a rather extreme development of tendencies which many, if not all, normal people may be able to recognize in themselves.

Such is the consensus of government psychiatrists in discussing this strange instance of flight from reality or dual personality. Any specific diagnosis is necessarily impossible without more exact information, not now available. At the best, it was explained, the basis mechanism is obscured. The so-called "fugue" belongs to the great complex of weird psychic phenomena ranging from temporary forgetfulness of a familiar name to the extreme dissociation of the katatonic in the insane hospital. Between the two are all sorts of intervals.

The victim runs away from a disagreeable reality. The flight may be physical, mental, or both. It may consist merely in closing the doors of memory to some disagreeable fact. Thus, it was explained by Dr. Walter L. Treadway, assistant surgeon-general, the often-experienced and irritating failure momentarily to recall a familiar name often can be explained on the basis of some unpleasant experience, perhaps apparently forgotten, with some individual bearing the same or a similar name. The whole mechanism works below the level of consciousness. This common instance, it was explained, should serve as a warning against a careless accusation of deceit when the phenomenon appears in such an expanded form as the Colonel Robins case.

The common way of meeting a disagreeable contingency with a great number of people, it was explained, is partially or completely to shut it out of the mind.

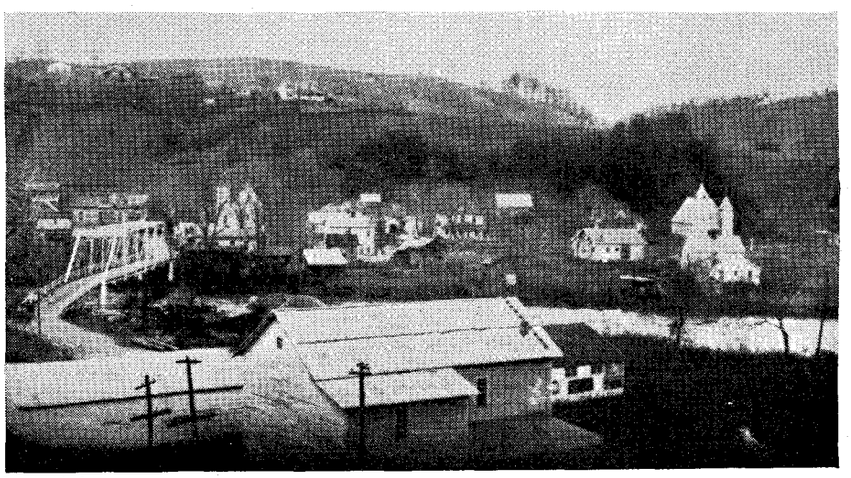
References in the Public Health Service library describe the dual personality as "an absolute splitting of the whole personality. The individual breaks with himself and his past, wanders away, does not know where he is, assumes an entirely different character, generally a new name, lives with strangers and leads a new life, until he suddenly returns to the state in which he was when the splitting of the personality took place. There are literally two or more personalities with different states of consciousness. Occasionally the individual is in a state of demoralization, not knowing his name or who he is, the whole memory being blank. The dissociation may last months or even years, recurring from time to time."

Numerous cases of fugues and dual personalities of soldiers are contained in the records of the Veterans' Bureau. They were due to the subconscious efforts to escape from the dangers and discomforts of war, and ranged from conscious or half-conscious dissembling to completely unconscious syndromes. Often the details become extremely weird.

"A SUDDEN dissociation following some emotional shock," "an escape from an intolerable but repressed situation"—these are phrases used to define the hidden motivation (unconscious to the victim himself) of the flight from reality.

Both war and hard times, we gather from other sources, tend to increase the number of such flights. Most of those caused by the depression have been obscure compared to the Robins case. Some editors suggest that the famous disappearance of Justice Joseph Force Crater, of New York, may have been such a fugue, which is really a fruit of worry. If he, like Colonel Robins, adopted a new name and occupation in some remote place, it would go far to explain the mystery of his never having been traced.

The worry element in the Robins case, it is suggested, may have hinged on the Presidential campaign. Robins, a fiery



Copyright by International

Whittier, North Carolina, Where the Missing Crusader Lived and Prospected

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

champion of the dry cause, had undertaken to make a speaking tour for Mr. Hoover. He may have sensed in advance the certain defeat of the President, and of Prohibition. This, it is pointed out, may have been the "intolerable situation" from which the psychic flight—a total forgetting—offered the only escape.

It is remarked by some that the occupation to which he turned in his "Rogers" personality was not a new one in his life. In his earlier years he had won a handsome fortune as a gold-seeker in the Klondike.

According to analytic psychology, we are reminded, an ego confronted with an insurmountable obstacle in life will regress to an earlier and successful path of adaptation. And the Robins regression from dry crusading to the overalls and pan of the prospector is held up as an exact fulfilment of that process.

How heartily the Colonel answered the old call of the wild is shown by many published accounts of his tramping over the mountains on his quest, and the forceful part he played in the life of the little community. We read of his teaching a Sunday-school class, making speeches for Hoover, and telling of his old friendship with "Teddy" Roosevelt—Robins was one of the militant Progressives of prewar years.

MEANWHILE national interest in his disappearance was heightened by the tension of the Presidential campaign and by certain exciting reports which the New York *Times* summarizes thus:

The search for the missing man, who had been leading an active campaign for enforcement of the Prohibition laws, was complicated by reports that he was seen in Chicago a few days after his disappearance; that he had been tossed into the Atlantic Ocean, forty miles off Montauk Point, Long Island, after being kidnaped by rum-runners; that Russian imperialists might have been responsible for his fate [the Colonel had been an advocate of Soviet recognition]; and that Florida rum-runners, against whom he had been especially active, might have avenged themselves on him.

It was definitely determined that Colonel Robins, who called himself a social economist, was last seen at 7 P. M. on September 3 in the City Club, 55 West Forty-fourth Street, where he had eaten a short while previously with Dr. Daniel A. Poling, New York Prohibition crusader.

Colonel Robins was expected at the Executive Mansion in Washington on the following Tuesday, September 6.

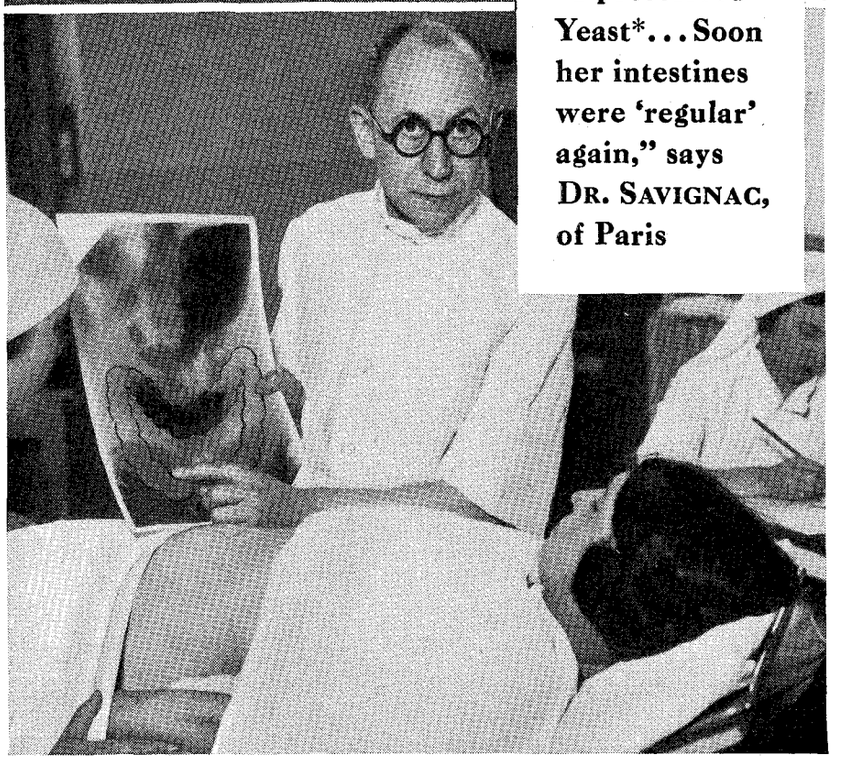
It was established that at 7 o'clock on the night of September 3 he had mailed a letter to his wife, the former Miss Margaret Dreier, who was at the summer home in Southwest Harbor. The letter reached Mrs. Robins on the following Monday, but it was said that the message contained no clue to his disappearance.

Mrs. Charles E. Merriam, wife of a professor at the University of Chicago, received a letter from her husband, mailed upon his arrival in New York from Europe, saying that Colonel Robins had disappeared several times before, but had always notified his wife on previous occasions.

On Monday, September 5, relates Robert

"She had been constipated for years"

"I prescribed Yeast*... Soon her intestines were 'regular' again," says DR. SAVIGNAC, of Paris



"For persistent constipation the best remedy is fresh yeast," says DR. SAVIGNAC

Read this typical 'CASE HISTORY'!

THE doctor pictured above is one of the greatest specialists in his field in France. He is Dr. Roger Savignac, author of "Toxic Troubles in Constipation," and he is telling about a typical case from his own practice.

"The patient" (he says), "age 28, had a good constitution, but complained of headaches, tiredness . . . was very depressed.

"I had her X-rayed . . . discovered 'tired,' clogged intestines. She admitted she had been constipated for years.

"I prescribed yeast. Her evacuations became regular and her headaches ceased."

Eaten regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast actually strengthens intestines. At the same time it softens the food wastes that accumulate in the body daily.

Thus fresh yeast gently prompts *natural* eliminations . . . clears the system of poisons. Thus the chief *cause* of that draggy, "no good" feeling is dispelled!

If you're seeking real health, eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, regularly—just plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime. *Start eating it today!*

***IMPORTANT!**

Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form — rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D—the kind famous doctors recommend. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

"I TAKE MY EXERCISE at a desk," *writes* Adolph W. Berle, *of New York City.* "Recently I developed a bad case of intestinal poisoning. I had constant headaches... Fleischmann's Yeast... cleared the poisons out of my system and the clogged-up feeling disappeared."

Copyright, 1932, Standard Brands Incorporated

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

J. Casey, staff correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*, Colonel Robins, now "Rogers," appeared at Balsam, midway between Asheville and Whittier, and took lodging at the boarding-house of Mrs. W. E. Bryson. "He was drest in bright new overalls, heavy shoes, and a hunting cap." Telegraphing from Asheville, Mr. Casey continues:

He told Mrs. Bryson he had come from Harlan, Kentucky, and that he intended to stay in Balsam. He paid in advance for a week's board, and was preparing to do his prospecting in and around Balsam when he discovered that another guest at the boarding-house was a Mr. Howd (whose first name Mrs. Bryson does not remember), a former resident of Miami, Florida.

Mrs. Bryson, looking back on the incident, said that Mr. Rogers seemed anxious to avoid Mr. Howd. Raymond Robins, who had been the scourge of Miami bootleggers, had forgotten his former identity. He had forgotten his former residence in Florida, and now looked upon himself as a miner from Kentucky. But back in his mind there remained an instinctive unwillingness to meet any one who might have known Raymond Robins in his former incarnation. So Reynolds Rogers left Mrs. Bryson's boarding-house after two days and appeared within a few hours at the McHan boarding-house in Whittier, where there were no former residents of Florida, and there he stayed until thirteen-year-old Carl Byrd Fisher compared his face with the photographs of the missing philanthropist.

He entered at once into the life of the community, entered the councils of the Cherokee Indians, who live in the hills near by, made political speeches in behalf of Herbert Hoover, whom he remembered as a close personal friend—altho he did not explain the basis for a friendship between the President of the United States and a Kentucky miner. He organized a lyceum, and gave inspiration talks to the schoolchildren. Between times he took long walks in the mountains, and became so familiar a figure on the little-known paths among the peaks that even the operators of stills gave him no heed.

How long Colonel Robins's loss of memory might have persisted had not a little boy remembered how he had looked without his beard even the Asheville psychiatrists can not say.

When he was finally recognized, he permitted himself to be brought to Asheville and given a doctor's care.

"I don't see why these people are trying to make me somebody else," he said repeatedly to his attendants. "All I want is to be let alone." He could see nothing familiar in his nephew nor in his wife. The alienists attending him would not commit themselves. None of them ever stated flatly that Reynolds Rogers was suffering from a true case of amnesia.

THE dramatic moment of Colonel Robins's acknowledgment of his identity is thus described by Mr. Casey:

He had been persistent in his statement that he was really "Reynolds Rogers," the old gold prospector. He had spoken kindly to his nephew, John Dreier, and to Mrs. Margaret Robins, to whom he referred in private conversations as "that woman," but he had shown no sign that he had ever known them or ever would know them. He had spent the early afternoon with N. A. White, a Federal Prohibition agent, whom he had met during his stay at McHan's boarding-house in Whittier. And all during Mr. White's stay at the hospital Colonel Robins had been "Reynolds Rogers," the gentle philosopher of the lonesome hills.

Dr. M. A. Griffin, the local psychiatrist, who had been treating Colonel Robins, called Mrs. Robins to see her husband at three o'clock. The scene was later described with vivid detail by Mr. Dreier.

Mr. Robins said to Dr. Griffin: "Do you say this is my wife?"

And Dr. Griffin said: "Yes, this is Mrs. Robins."

Then, say the witnesses, there was a moment of deep silence during which Colonel Robins seemed to be suffering from a severe strain. The working of his face was visible even through his heavy beard.

Presently the colonel turned to the doctor and said:

"Doctor, I am Raymond Robins, and this is my wife, Margaret Dreier Robins." The doctor showed no surprize.

"Slowly but steadily the change came in him," Mrs. Robins was quoted afterward.

"It was not all of a sudden, and was visibly a severe strain on the colonel. But there came into his face a completely new look. He looked into my face and called me Margaret."

Later she told the correspondents that her husband's memory began to struggle back when she sat by him and held his hand. Mr. Casey concludes his account on the following day:

Mr. Robins arose this morning bright and refreshed—obviously cheered at remembering his name and antecedents. He looked out across a frosty valley swimming in haze, at the edge of which is the cemetery where lies buried O. Henry, one of whose principal works was a sprightly bit entitled "Adventures in Aphasia."

How Germany's Jobless Find Adventure

"HALT! BORDER INSPECTOR!"

The official had sprung out of the ditch at the approach of the car, which he had recognized as that of "the big Belgian."

But the driver of the car stept on the gas.

"I peppered him between the headlights, but he went on," related the Customs man afterward, "and I thought I certainly must have hit him. Then I saw that the fellow had fortified the driver's seat with armor-plate. Only a slit to see through was open.

"Just then a kind of tin Lizzie rattled by. 'Hello, you,' I shouted, 'border inspector!' He stopt, a plucky young fellow—I jumped in and we sped after the other car. Five times I shot at the tires, but the car rushed on. 'You still have one more bullet,' I said to myself, 'but that is the last. There in the big S curve you must flatten his tires or he will escape.'"

Paul Weymar is repeating the border inspector's story in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine. He quotes his man further:

At the curve we were nearer him, and I let the last bullet fly. Crash—the tire flattened, he lost control of the steering gear and ran against the rocks. Three of his ribs were broken when we pulled him out of his cage. We laid him by the roadside and looked over his load.

Three thousand pounds of coffee. A fine haul. Three of my colleagues came along almost at once, also many people from the country about, who wanted a "share." Suddenly I thought I saw a ghost—the smuggler, who until then could not even speak, sprang up from the road, jumped on a bicycle and disappeared—with his three broken ribs. The four of us went after him, and after half a mile we had him. "Swine," he said as we laid hold of him, "four against one, that is nothing to be proud of!"

MR. WEYMAR has been tasting the excitements of the smuggling war on Germany's western frontier. Now we are given a picture of a border-inspection station, where trouble is brewing:

The customs commissioner receives the report of the officer on duty. "A man of confidence," well known to the service, has advised that to-night a strong band of smugglers will "attack" near Lichtenbusch. The neighboring posts have been informed.

At ten o'clock in the evening we start out. I am with an East Prussian and a Bavarian, who looks as if he had just left the Hofbrau in Munich. He rates, however, as one of the best men in the district.

The moon has come up, and hangs like a gigantic red lantern in the boughs of the trees; from the valley rises mist.

We had arrived at the place where the attack to-night was expected.

Beyond, on the other side of the border, a tower clock struck 12:30.

Then, suddenly, out of the darkness appeared a form on a bicycle; cautiously, like the leader of a herd of animals, he eyed the lay of the land, then rode on, hardly three meters from us.

"Is that a reconnoitering party—" I whispered. A hand was laid heavily on my mouth. The Bavarian nodded. In the same moment from behind us came a call: "Halt! Border inspector!"

A shot broke the stillness, and then we heard a long shrill howling—Aii—aiii. We jumped up. "Damn!" yelled the Bavarian, "now that idiot has shot the pathfinder. And the band has slipt through our hands." In confirmation thereof came the crackling and snapping of breaking twigs and brush from the valley below us.

We ran to the place where the shot had resounded. A man lay in the grass, motionless, eyes closed.

"Dead?"

"No, only a shot in the leg."

We learn that in Belgium bales of goods are piled onto through-freight cars—and in some German garden they fall off. And again:

In another place, in the customs district of Cleves, proprietors of farms on the Dutch border were recently involved in smuggling schemes. From the farms of German proprietors whose fields extended into Holland came harvests which would put a model

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

farm to shame—until the customs service discovered that Polish wheat, brought to Holland by ship, was being sent over the border as a German harvest, with a profit of about 10 marks a hundredweight.

Now the yield of such farms is appraised beforehand, and a certificate issued regulating the importation of the harvest from fields across the border. Since this practise began the bumper crops from Dutch fields have fallen off.

The temptations to smuggle are numerous. In Holland, gasoline costs 11 pfennigs a liter [about 11 cents a gallon]; in Germany, 29 pfennigs [about 29 cents a gallon]. Thus the possessor of an automobile in Aachen slips over the border, three kilometers away, and fills his tank. On the other side of the boundary stand filling stations, one after the other. Many proprietors of filling stations, in order not to offend the eyes of the German customs officers, have built little houses called garages, before which the German cars in need of "repairs" wait their turn in a long line. It recently became known that one of these gasoline merchants paid taxes on a daily turnover of 40,000 liters. To prevent gasoline smuggling the German customs officers measure the content of the gasoline tank when a car crosses the border, and the quantity is noted on a receipt which must be presented when the car returns.

On a so-called neutral road near Aachen one can observe the border comedy to advantage. Here the boundary line coincides with the gutter; the road is German and the sidewalk is Belgian. On the Belgian side of the road is a chain of small, tidy shops. A single one of these, as an investigation of the Belgian authorities showed, had a yearly turnover of 10,000,000 cigarets.

It is difficult for a man out of work, who receives a dole of ten marks [$2.50] a week, to withstand the temptation offered by the border.

Day by day an endless troop of men, women, and children with empty bags, sacks, and wagons crosses the border and returns home in the evening richly laden with treasure, we are told. Further:

The wholesale smuggler's strategies reveal a richness in ideas which at times could put to shame his military compatriots.

A customs officer south of Aachen noticed the suddenly increasing piety of his populace. Day after day a procession bearing a crucifix, and in solemn prayer, went on a pilgrimage across the border to a Belgian pilgrims' shrine. In the evening they would return, singing and praying. The faces were always the same. The startled customs officer became suspicious, and one day the customs interfered. The pilgrim chorus was waylaid at the border, its clothing inspected—and a huge amount of cigarets, tobacco, coffee, and bread came to light. In the crucifix, which was hollow, were concealed several thousand cigarets.

Despite such dramatic episodes, the serious aspect of smuggling should not be forgotten. On a visit to one of the great warehouses in which the customs authorities keep their confiscated goods I saw thousands of boxes of cigarets, packages of tobacco, loaves of bread, and chocolate bars—all these had been taken from the petty smugglers alone. Yet these represented only a small per cent. of the total amount of smuggled goods. In the newspapers of the border cities one may read daily the cry of distress of business and industry crippled by the unfair competition of illegal imports.

Write your own income

$100. a month

[or any other amount]

The Equitable will guarantee it!

If you want to retire on a guaranteed income of $100, $150, $200 or more every month as long as you live, just write the amount you desire on the coupon below and The Equitable will show you a simple, practical way to secure it.

Some men say, "I *wish* I could retire" but they never *do anything* to accumulate the necessary cash reserve. The Equitable's plan makes it easy for you to *do something* that will accumulate the necessary amount.

Make *your* wish a reality. Fill out the coupon below for interesting booklet of retirement income facts.

Remember this one important thing: An Equitable Retirement Annuity will guarantee you a check every month as long as you live, beginning at the age you designate. Remember also that this check will represent a *larger* yearly return on your cash accumulation than you could get from any other equally safe program. You are invited to fill out the coupon, now.

THE EQUITABLE
FAIR — JUST
LIFE ASSURANCE
SECURITY — PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
MUTUAL — COOPERATIVE
OF THE U.S.
NATION-WIDE SERVICE

The Retirement Annuity is but one of the many forms of Self-Income and Life Insurance service available through The Equitable.

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the U. S. 32D
Thomas I. Parkinson, *President*
393 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me information about a Retirement Annuity for $.....a month.

NAME ..... AGE .....

ADDRESS .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choose the Aristocrat of Cruise Ships

Conte GRANDE

for

WEST INDIES CRUISES

Sail on the ship chosen by *initiated* travelers for its rare luxury, distinguished cuisine, 22 knot speed and Italian Line courtesy and service. "Proven" ports, *long calls*, abnormally low rates. Send for illustrated literature.

CHRISTMAS CRUISE

12 Days, Dec. 23, to Jan. 4 . . . . . $145 up

A Real Holiday Treat—Christmas at sea . . . New Year's in Havana . . . A festive sailing to Kingston (Jamaica), Colon and the Panama Canal, Havana for a red-letter New Year's Eve, Nassau and Paradise Beach. Special holiday program. Optional shore excursions at all ports.

Other winter cruises on the Conte GRANDE

16 Days, 3 Cruises—Feb. 11, Mar. 4, Apr. 8 $190 up
Fort de France, St. Pierre, Trinidad, La Guayra, Curacao, Colon, Kingston, Havana.

14 Days, March 23 . . . . . $167.50 up
Port-au-Prince, Jamaica, Colon, Havana, Nassau.

Also VULCANIA CHRISTMAS CRUISE to the Mediterranean, Dec. 22. Round trip, First Class $368 up, Tourist $207.

To the MEDITERRANEAN
Holy Land and Egypt

Jan.7.....32Days.....13 Calls
First Class $510 up, Tourist $225

Also Regular Sailings to ALL EUROPE via the De Luxe Southern Route. Fleet of seven new vessels led by the REX and Conte di SAVOIA.

Apply local agent or 1 State St., New York; 1601 Walnut St., Philadelphia; 86 Arlington St., Boston; 944 Arcade, Union Trust Bldg., Cleveland; 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 386 Post St., San Francisco; 1806 American Bank Building, New Orleans; Architects Building, 1133 Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal

ITALIAN LINE

When Lovely Woman Falls From the Sky

IT was four and one-half miles straight down.

So she daubed her face with grease, took a long pull at the oxygen tank and—jumped overboard.

Her parachute snapt open, but with such a violent jerk that her heart stopt beating for a moment. Other perils threatened the tiny figure dangling in the sky. If she hit a cloud and the chute became wet, then froze, then cracked *open*—?

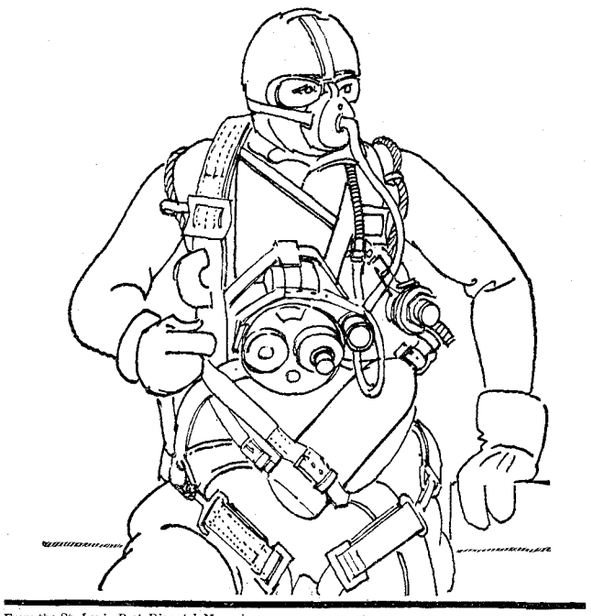
And far below was a lake, and she was drifting swiftly toward it. If she landed in the water—?

But Frau Lola Schroter, noted German airwoman, lived to tell the story of her greatest feat. She landed safely in a field, where rows of turnips solemnly witnessed this establishment of a new world parachute jump record.

Frau Schroter, with oxygen tank and formidable array of scientific apparatus strapped about her shoulders, made her leap from a plane over Gettorf in Schleswig, a short distance north of Kiel, Germany.

Her landing, as it turned out, was quite successful, and she was none the worse for her experience except a chart from one of her instruments showed her heart had stopt beating for a moment early in her plunge. She thinks this happened when her parachute opened. She says it gave her a terrific jolt.

Frau Schroter's purpose in attempting a world record leap was not the "sensation-at-any-price" motive that has inspired so many daredevil feats in aviation. It was rather to put a check on misleading and exaggerated reports of more or less ordinary achievements.



From the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* Magazine

Let's Hope She Didn't Dress in a Hurry!

"Her feat is being acclaimed," writes a special correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* Sunday Magazine, "as one of the most remarkable in the history of aviation." And, indeed:

> Four and a half miles is, by the standards of most people, a dizzy height to which to ascend, to say nothing of it as a height from which to fall.
>
> But four and a half miles it was. A little more than that, to be exact. It was 7,300 meters. That is 23,950 feet, 190 feet over four and a half miles.
>
> The descent consumed twenty-eight minutes, and Frau Schroter traveled nearly twenty miles across country while making it.
>
> People have been asking her what she thought most about while making that tremendous drop. She replies without hesitation that she thought most about the clouds and the sea. Clouds and the sea! Rather poetic subjects for contemplation under such circumstances.
>
> But Frau Schroter wasn't being poetic. She was wondering what would happen if those clouds should get her parachute wet and it should freeze in the low temperature that goes with high altitude. A frozen parachute, she explains, is as brittle as glass. With the clouds and the low temperature areas safely passed, she began worrying about the sea, for she found herself traveling without brakes in the direction of a huge expanse of water.
>
> The subject took her undivided attention for several minutes, and she was glad enough to get it off her mind when she finally landed in a turnip field no more than 500 yards from the shore of Lake Selent.

Jumping from a plane with a parachute was no new experience for her, for she was a veteran at the business long before she even thought of trying to set a new world's record. She went about her attempt with little ballyhoo or ostentation. This was to be just another jump—her 175th, in fact—and a somewhat bigger jump than any of her 174 others.

OF course, before attempting a leap from such a height as four and one-half miles, says the correspondent, it was necessary for her to make a series of trial jumps from lower altitudes. And then:

> She decided to skip on up the ladder to 6,000 or 7,000 meters. Anything above 6,000 meters would do for a record. The Roumanian, Brascu, had a mark of 6,000 meters, and the next best record was held by a German, George Resch, who leapt successfully from a height of 5,100 meters. She chose a Junkers machine with a 500-horse-power Hornet motor for the occasion, and was accompanied on the flight by Herr Willi Ruge, celebrated German flyer.
>
> After a wait of several days during a spell of thick weather, the ascent was made on the morning of September 20 from the seaplane port of Holtenau. The machine was equipped with a special oxygen tank, and Frau Schroter carried another small tank strapped to her belt.
>
> A height recorder, a thermometer, and an instrument to record her heart activity during the descent were other items of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

special equipment. She also applied a liberal coating of grease to her face to protect her from the intense cold to which she would be exposed while drifting down to earth.

Ruge relates that he watched Frau Schroter carefully for any sign of nervousness during the ascent, but failed to discover even the slightest trace of it. Her Bavarian placidity remained undisturbed as the ship soared higher and higher.

It might have been a pleasure-outing so far as she was concerned. She simply sat there wide-eyed with curiosity, like a child, and peeped out over the world as it dript farther and farther away. With all her professional record in the air, as airplane and glider pilot, parachutist and stunt flyer, she had never ascended to such a height before.

At 4,000 meters, all hands on board took oxygen to accustom their bodies to it and avoid premature fatigue. The changing temperature caused them considerable discomfort, too. During the hour it required for the plane to climb to a height of 7,300 meters they had to adjust themselves to a change of 54 degrees in temperature on the Celsius or Centigrade scale. The thermometer, which registered 19 degrees at the start, dropt to 35 below zero, which is equivalent to about 31 degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

Frau Schroter applied her face grease, took a long pull at the oxygen tank, and got ready to leap. Herr Ruge comments:

"It is difficult for the layman to realize how much energy and nerve is required to carry through such a risky experiment as that which our bold airwoman was undertaking. When the great moment approached, and Frau Schroter, without moving an eyelid, jumped her world's record jump, I was really surprized at her calm."

But was she as calm as she seemed? What was going on in her mind all during this ordeal? Well, "Frau Schroter has admitted that she was a bit tense in spite of the fact that she was making her 175th leap into space." Moreover, we are told:

She was uneasy about the oxygen, for one thing. She had not used it on any of her other jumps. How would her body react to it?

Then, there was that uneasiness about the clouds which had kept haunting her for weeks. It bobbed up now afresh. What if her parachute should get moist passing through those rain clouds, and then freeze? She had guarded against this emergency as far as possible by using a silk parachute, but that by no means disposed of the danger. The void below was dotted with clouds. Would she miss them or go through them? Well, time would tell.

After all her careful arrangements, Frau Schroter got off to a bad start. In view of the hazards of making the leap when the machine was traveling at high speed, she had arranged with the pilot to throttle down the craft.

But somebody got the signals crossed, and the mechanic gave her the signal to jump without the pilot's knowledge. He had not throttled down, and the craft was at that moment making around 125 miles an hour. Frau Schroter says she didn't realize the mistake had been made until the parachute opened out. She realized it then; the jerk almost knocked her unconscious. She relates it was the hardest jolt of her entire experience as a stunt flyer.

She had fallen only about fifty meters when the parachute opened. That left her with some 7,250 meters to go, and with

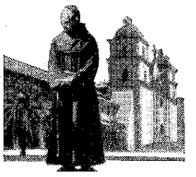
WORRIED? *forget your troubles for a while. Come on out and have some* fun

IT'S A penny-wise plan to push yourself to the limit when keen, fresh energy is more than ever demanded. Be sensible. Take a dose of rest and play and sunshine now, before it's too late.

Get *clear away* from worry for a while this winter. Let Southern California's winter sun bake out the poisons of fatigue.

More to Enjoy — Less to Pay

Just 2½ days from most of America are: Crystal lakes in towering, pine-clad mountains. Sun-drenched beaches and gay pleasure-islands. Smart desert resorts. Golf, polo, tennis, deep-sea fishing, yachting and every sport. Joyous Hollywood nights, with film stars sharing your fun. Ancient Spanish Missions, orange groves, palms and subtropical gardens. Glamorous Old Mexico just to the south. Big, cosmopolitan Los Angeles centers this playground-of-the-world. Close by are Pasadena, Glendale, Santa Monica, Long Beach, Beverly Hills, Pomona and scores of other charming, famous resort cities.



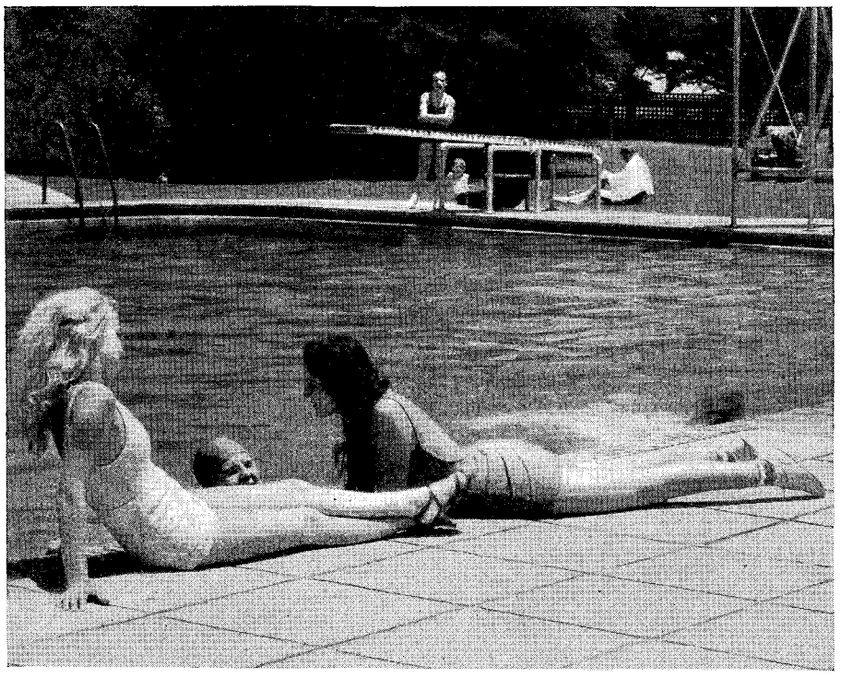
Give yourself this glorious experience you'll remember as long as you live!

Here you escape the "peak prices" necessary in one-season resorts. Costs, normally about 16% under U.S. average, have now been still further drastically reduced!

FREE — New 72-page Vacation Book

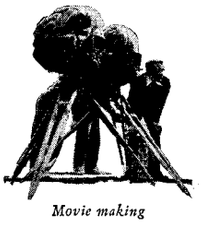
To help you plan, we offer *free* one of the most complete vacation books ever published . . . just off the press . . . 72 pages, 150 interesting gravure photographs, map, information about routes, itemized costs and day-by-day details of everything to do and see here. Send coupon today for your free copy. Or for further unbiased, authoritative information, write us your own questions about a Southern California vacation.

Come to California for a glorious vacation. Advise anyone not to come here seeking employment lest he be disappointed; but for the tourist, the attractions are unlimited.



This Winter COSTS ARE LOWER THAN EVER IN

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



Movie making

All-Year Club of Southern California, Ltd.,
Dept. 12-K, 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Send me *free* illustrated book giving complete details (including costs) of a Southern California vacation. Also send *free* booklets about counties checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Kern ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ San Diego

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Please Print Your Name and Address)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PARKER GAMES AND PUZZLES

GRAND CAMELOT

THE NEW 4-HANDED PARTNERSHIP GAME

Here we have what you Camelot players have been asking for—a **Four-handed** Game of Camelot! An exciting, fun-making partnership game—great for parties! **Price $2 and $5.**

REGULAR CAMELOT: Editions from $1 up—Especially recommended: **Castle Set, with Ivoroid Pieces, $5,** and **Popular Edition, $1.50.**

AT DEALERS' or by mail from Salem.

TELL·IT·TO·THE·JUDGE ★

The game hit of the season! Laugh when the judge fines your opponents for speeding! Then try to "burn up the road" yourself and see what happens! A riot of fast fun and merry excitement until the last play! For adults and young people—2, 3, or 4 players and any number of back-seat drivers. **Price $1.25—Red Edition, $1.50.**

AT DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Other Famous PARKER GAMES: Ping-Pong, Pollyanna, Rumba, Quoitennis, Derby-Day, Touring, Pegity and Military-Pegity, Rook, PIT, Zig-Zag, Inverto, etc.

Parker Brothers' PASTIME PICTURE PUZZLES

Parker Brothers' Pastime Picture Puzzles are the original and most finely made picture puzzles in the world. Beautiful, richly colored subjects. **A wonderful amusement and mind rest.** Exquisitely cut, finely finished, they are a delight to handle. **Price, $1 to $20. Write for Illustrated Circular Today.**

DE-LUXE PASTIME PUZZLES
NEW

Extra quality pictures; super-excellent cutting by the most skillful operators—**the Aristocrat of all picture puzzles. Price $2 and up.**

PARKER BROTHERS INC.
SALEM, MASS., NEW YORK, LONDON

nothing to do but look at the scenery and worry.

"The seaward flats of Schleswig-Holstein stretched below me in their vastness," she relates. "They were obscured only by a few clusters of cloud. I felt so absolutely detached and free that I had no thought for the imminent landing. I congratulated myself on being able to get my bearings. Before me stretched Kiel. Then the wind changed and I left Kiel on my left.

"The wind kept changing at different altitudes. The plane followed me and kept circling around. I took off my safety jacket of cork, which I had bound to my left thigh as a protection against the icy wind, and waved at the men in the ship.

"The clouds just seemed to separate and let me pass through.

"But now a new danger appeared. I saw water ahead and realized I was going straight in the direction of Lake Selent. I began to worry now about where I was going to land. The view below kept changing and becoming more and more beautiful, but I was too nervous to pay much attention to it. I was looking for landing fields.

"I passed over a big stretch of woodland and saw an open plain. Beyond the plain and only a short way ahead was the lake. I had to get down before I crossed that plain.

"I flung my weight to one side and drew in half of the rein, cutting down the surface of the parachute and making it easier to steer. Then I took off my heavy gloves, made them into a bundle with my safety jacket and threw them away. I was on my last fifty meters of descent, and saw now that I would get down in time."

Oklahoma's "Bandit King"

HIS name is Charles Arthur Floyd, and they call him "Pretty Boy."

But he's the "bandit king" of Oklahoma, the latest of that State's long line of outlaw chiefs.

He robs and laughs. Jeering the police, and even the Governor, he swoops down on a town, holds up a bank, and dashes away again by motor. In two years he has held up at least a score of banks. For his capture, dead or alive, there is an offer of a $3,000 reward.

But nobody has been able to bring him down. And this despite the tremendous risks he takes. That he is one of the luckiest bandits in criminal history is obvious from a reading of his exploits. And that he loves to ride his luck is proved by his noon-day robbery of a bank in his home town of Salisaw, Oklahoma.

Mr. A. B. MacDonald tells us about that in an Oklahoma City dispatch to the Kansas City *Star:*

He was born and grew up in Salisaw. He is known to every one in the town. His mother lives within two blocks of the bank. As Floyd's car stopt in front of the bank, he and his partner, George Birdwell, leapt quickly out and ran into the bank, leaving the third bandit at the wheel of the car, the engine of which continued to purr softly. This third bandit was identified later as Aussie Elliott, a boy of only eighteen, who recently escaped from the State reformatory and has attached himself to Floyd and Birdwell.

Floyd and Birdwell wore no masks or other disguises. Entering the bank, both pulled out revolvers. Floyd was grinning at his acquaintances, the bankers and clerks, as he announced, "It's a hold-up, all right," and then, to Birdwell, who was standing every one against the wall, "Don't hurt 'em, Bird, they're friends of mine."

Within a few seconds Floyd had swept $2,530 into a sack. He and Birdwell marched the bank cashier as a hostage out to the car, bade him get upon the running-board and hang on, and then said to the boy at the wheel, "All right, hike out," and away they went out of town.

A mile or so out they halted to let the man alight from the running-board. Floyd shouted to him, cheerfully: "Good-by, old man, take care o' yourself," and their car sped on, down the highway, to oblivion, so far as the public was concerned.

With a record of at least a score of banks robbed by Floyd and Birdwell in Oklahoma in the last two years, with a reward of $3,000 for Floyd, dead or alive, this last exploit of his, at midday, in his home-town, where every one knew him, seemed like a gesture of defiant mockery of the authorities.

NEWSPAPERS in Oklahoma, we are told, "began to criticize the sheriffs, Governor Murray, and the board of criminal investigation and identification, which had spent thousands of dollars trying to catch Floyd," to whom Mr. MacDonald alludes as:

The "Pretty Boy" who laughs at them, who goes regularly into speak-easies in this State, holds every one in sight at the end of his gun, and says as he leaves:

"Now you guys can scatter out and tell Governor Murray that I've been here, and maybe you can get that $3,000 reward."

This robbery, November 1, by Floyd [we read on] made forty-four bank robberies in Oklahoma this year, seven fewer than last year, when there were fifty-one.

The State was startled again six days later, November 7, when two banks were held up and robbed at the noon hour—the State National Bank in Marlow and the American State Bank in Henryetta—making forty-six bank robberies in the State this year.

Floyd could not have robbed both of those banks, for the robberies were only five minutes apart, while the towns were more than 100 miles apart. But the robbery in Henryetta was done in such true "Pretty Boy" style that the authorities believed it was done by Floyd and Birdwell and their new recruit, Aussie Elliott.

It was 12:25 P. M. A car drove up with three men in it, and stopt in front of the bank. One man, a young fellow, stayed at the wheel and the engine continued to run, while two men went quietly into the bank. They went in slowly, pretending to notice nobody as they argued together about something. But, once inside, they sprang into action. They drew revolvers and one, supposed to be Birdwell, using the muzzle of his revolver as a prod, lined the three persons in the bank face in against the wall, while the other, thought to be Floyd, handed a sack to A. D. Diamond, Jr., the bookkeeper, and said:

"If any of you give an alarm I'll kill you. Put all the money into that sack."

Into the sack went $11,352.20. More than $100 of it was in nickels and dimes. The affair was all over in two minutes. The two robbers marched two of the bankers out, prodded them to make them move faster, put them on the running-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

board, and drove away. They were a mile or so out of town, and the two hostages had been allowed to get off before the alarm spread in town.

So it goes in Oklahoma, where, in one week recently, five banks were robbed. So bad is the situation that robbery insurance rates have been jumped.

In the hope of curbing hold-ups, the Oklahoma Bankers' Association has changed its reward from $100 for the arrest of a robber to $500 for every bandit killed in a hold-up or in the chase afterward. "Let's exterminate them," urges Eugene P. Gum, secretary of the association.

Another step is to persuade bankers in small towns—where most of the hold-ups are committed, during the noon hour—to close at that time. Then, too, the association is advocating the installation of alarms that will arouse the whole town.

But to return to "Pretty Boy" Floyd. Why don't they capture him? Mr. MacDonald asked that question of Charles Burns, superintendent of the Oklahoma bureau of criminal investigation and identification. This is what Mr. Burns said:

"They never rob a bank in the level country of the western half of the State. All their bank robberies are in the hill country in the eastern part of the State. They were both born and grew up there, and have a host of relatives and friends and sympathizers all through there, who shelter, protect, and warn them."

Mr. Burns said many desperate bank bandits from other States have come into Oklahoma to carry on their business.

"We shoot them down, we capture them, and send them to the penitentiary for long terms, but a new crop springs up."

When Mr. MacDonald interviewed Governor Murray, he learned that Floyd actually had sent the Governor word twice, by near relatives, "that if I would save him from the electric chair he would come in and surrender." And the Governor added:

"I sent word back to him that I would not do it, but that I had instructed Burns to get him. I am hampered by lack of money with which to pursue these bandits. The appropriation for the bureau of which Burns is the head has been cut down until he has only two men to send out after bandits. I want enough money to pay a man or two to get in with the bandits and give us tips of planned robberies."

As for banditry in general, Governor Murray prescribes this remedy for it:

"I am in favor of establishing the whipping-post and the stocks for bandits in this State. For the first offense of any kind of banditry I would sentence the man to the penitentiary for a long term, and also fifty lashes on the bare back in public.

"For the second offense I would give him a longer term and sentence him to stand in the stocks, in a public place, for several hours.

"For the third offense I would send him to the electric chair.

"Criminals fear the whip worse than any other punishment. I would lay it on. I would whip a criminal in public before he goes into the penitentiary, and whip him again when he comes out. That will cure it."

THE MAGIC DIAL

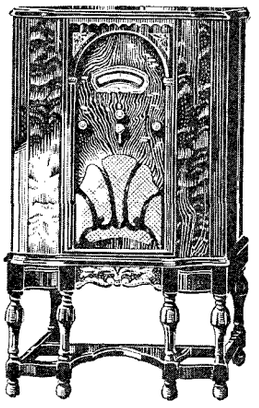
Where Does It Come From? Where Does It Go?

THE LAST WORD IN PERFECTED WORLD-WIDE RECEPTION

This Christmas enjoy new, startling reception of your favorite programs—PLUS the fascinating realm of short wave broadcasts all over the World

Here is new, dramatic command of all that Radio offers today. Now on one set enjoy in fuller measure reception from stations you are familiar with—and in addition that new, glamorous, alluring world of radio entertainment broadcast on the short waves.

Here you can thrill to orders from police headquarters directing squad cars in their swift forays on crime—get the colorful broadcasts from ships at sea—listen in on airplane pilots talking to their airports—listen to amateurs—and, when radio conditions are favorable, even bring in *direct* broadcasts from Foreign Stations located all over the World. Here is excitement—drama—entertainment—not available on ordinary radios because it is below their receiving range.



Go to your dealer and see the Christmas display of new Stewart-Warner Radios—at sensationally low prices made possible by Stewart-Warner's tremendous manufacturing resources. Work the "Magic Dial." Then you will realize that Stewart-Warner—Trail Blazer of the Air—has again written a new page in radio history. Descriptive booklet for the asking. Stewart-Warner Corp., Chicago, U. S. A.—Belleville, Ontario, Canada.

Superb Consoles—Portable and Table Cabinets—encase these history-making radios—amazing values. Think of Round-the-World Radios as low as $54.95. Other attractive models as low as $34.95

All prices slightly higher in the West and in Canada

STEWART-WARNER Radio

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Chic" Sale—
tells about a
BARBER who had
A Close Shave

I KNEW a barber by the name of Tuggles. Big, tall, good lookin' feller; got his suits tailor-made and was always puttin' on a clean shirt. Had the first chair in the shop; right up by the winder. Well sir, in spite of all that, even his regular customers started dwindlin'. They would pass him by and git in the other chairs, and I'll tell you why.

He wasn't friendly. Always frownin' and stewin' and frettin'. You couldn't even say to him that it was a nice day without startin' a big argument. Nervous, too. One day he whacked off the tip of a man's ear. Well sir, the man jest got out of the chair and stood there lookin' at him. Seen right away what the trouble was. "Tuggles," he sez, "here's a little tin box of chocolate tablets. Try em." Out he walked. And I'll tell you what's a fact: Tuggles has got more customers now than he can handle. He's the most popular barber in town. There you are.

"Chic" Sale

If you would keep that sunny disposition, keep "regular." And keeping "regular," as your family doctor would express it, means at least one thorough bowel movement daily—the most important thing for one's health and happiness.

Ex-Lax, "the little tin box of chocolate tablets"—will keep you "regular." It is a *scientific* laxative that acts gently, yet surely. Ex-Lax does not gripe—and isn't habit-forming. It's just the perfect laxative. At all drug stores. In 10c, 25c, 50c boxes.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
The Chocolated Laxative

FREE SAMPLE OF EX-LAX
and "CHIC" SALE'S WELLS CORNERS GAZETTE

Name.....

Address.....

.....

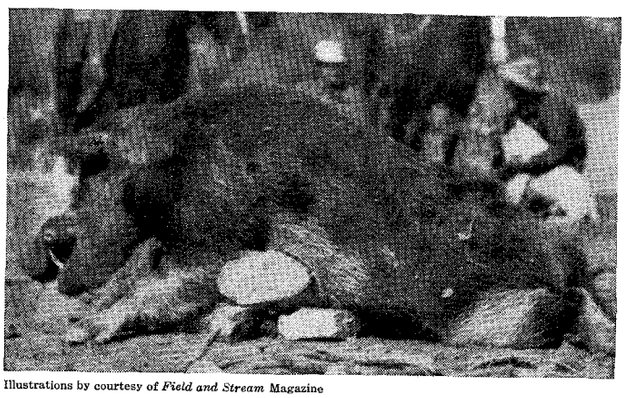
Mail this coupon to EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. V1222

Bullets, Not Spears, for American Wild Boars

THE huntsman doesn't wear green. He doesn't sport a feather in his cap. He doesn't tootle his hunting-horn.

Nor do lancers spur their steeds across the plain after the grunting quarry.

It's sufficiently wonderful to be able to hunt wild boars in America at all, without making a circus of it, and the approved style is to go after them with the American weapon, as you would any other big and dangerous game.



Illustrations by courtesy of *Field and Stream* Magazine

The Knifelike Tusks Will Clash No More

When a 250-pound wild boar with five-inch, knifelike tusks comes charging at you, the safest way to stop him is with hot lead.

And if you don't shoot quickly and accurately, the probabilities are that the infuriated beast will cut you to ribbons where you stand.

Always ready for a fight, these wild boars of Santa Cruz Island, off the California coast, are well equipped to kill any foe, and they will not hesitate to charge dog or horse or man.

IN fact, "there is no other animal in the United States that will accommodate you as quickly with a fight as a wild boar," writes H. H. Sheldon in *Field and Stream*, telling us of some of the thrilling battles he has had with these savage pigs.

It would seem dangerous enough to hunt them in broad daylight, but Mr. Sheldon also trailed them at night with gun and flash-light. Speaking of thrills—

Large boars will charge a man as soon as he appears within reasonable distance. At this stage of the game the animal becomes totally indifferent to the barking dog, lowers his head, and begins champing his jaws until he actually froths at the mouth. Then he takes a few uncertain steps forward and with coughing, guttural grunts rushes with surprizing speed at the man foe.

I have never allowed one to advance beyond the "uncertain steps." The champing jaws, and the click of those white daggers is thrill enough; in fact, a bullet to the right place at the first possible moment is the natural impulse, and the sane action for the safety of both man and dog, especially the dog.

Two dogs I used were killed by boars before they had learned to play safe with the big ones. Jerry, the third and last of my heroic co-hunters, is scarred from end to end, and was all but killed on one occasion before he finally came out as a boar-hunter supreme. He has learned to respect the dangerous end of a boar and how to hold one of his size, with such intelligent understanding that I believe he will never again fall a victim of their wicked, ripping and cutting tusks.

Before turning to Mr. Sheldon's description of the hunts that he and Jerry staged together, we pause a moment to let him round out the picture of the wild boar as a tough customer—

The conditions which prevail on Santa Cruz Island have offered a speedy transformation of anatomy to these swine which have been running wild for a century, and which have degenerated to the form and vicious characteristics of their wild ancestors—huge heads, high shoulders, and sloping, narrow hams.

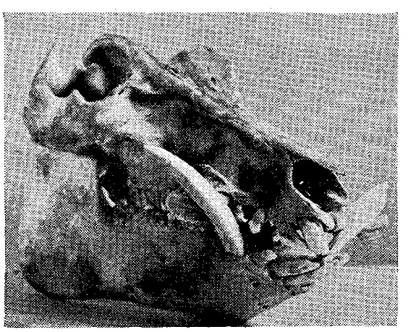
The boars attain a weight of 250 pounds, mostly muscle. They have tusks, one on either side of the lower jaw, which articulate in an upward and outward curve on two shorter but heavier canines of the upper jaw. This sharpens them to knife-like edges.

They are fleet of foot, and when encountered will try to escape if not rushed too suddenly. They can run down-hill too fast for dog or horse to overtake, especially if the going is rough; but on even ground they will stop after a short run to do battle.

REMARKING that he has killed 165 wild hogs, Mr. Sheldon says he mentions the number "merely to illustrate how difficult it is to find a boar with all the desirable attributes that go to make a good trophy—big massive head with long and perfect tusks, and long black hair." Reading on—

Of that number only seven were large, mature, and typical wild boars, while but one answered to my ideal of the real thing. The killing of this one brought to an end my persistent hunting for that king-pin of them all, and I had to resort to night hunting to get him.

I was camped in an old cabin in the interior of the island. The fields bounding



When Pigs Go Native

They evolve fighting skulls.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't Coddle a COLD! —KILL IT!

with a Remedy that Gets at It from the Inside!

A COLD calls for a COLD remedy and not for a preparation good for half a dozen things besides colds.

A cold, moreover, calls for internal treatment, for a cold is an internal infection. Local or external treatments can't reach the real seat of the trouble and may only prolong a cold.

This Is What You Want!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is distinctly for COLDS. It is swift and sure relief because it does the four things necessary.

First, it opens the bowels, gently but thoroughly.

Second, it kills the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever.

Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling.

Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

Taken promptly, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine will usually stop a cold overnight. Keep it handy as "the Stitch in Time". Every drug store in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and no reliable dealer will try to tell you he has something "just as good."

"I Couldn't Write a Better Prescription Myself!"

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

a creek were fenced and cross-fenced—a favorite resort of wild hogs. One night while on my way from the main ranch, Jerry's white form disappeared into the brush, and soon after he was baying in a canyon.

Farther on, as I neared some scrub-oaks, my horse snorted and shied. Just ahead, a big boar stopt in the trail and grunted. My first impulse was to pull my rifle, but my horse was not fast enough to get out of the way of a charge, and a shot in the dark held too much uncertainty. So instead, I shouted a blood-curdling "ki-yi" like that of a Comanche Indian, which surprized, if it didn't scare, the old boar off the trail.

As I passed hurriedly, he grunted a challenge.

Shortly after I reached camp, Jerry arrived, panting and very much exhausted. I got off my horse to see if he had been cut by the boar he attacked in the canyon. Poor Jerry! The skin was laid back four inches on his throat, and there was a ragged gash on his shoulder. While he drank at the cabin he fell to the floor utterly exhausted, finishing his drink lying flat.

The boar's tusk had just missed the jugular—a close call for Jerry. I bandaged him up, and a few days later he was after them again, attacking those of his size with savage vindictiveness. However, that experience taught him a lesson, and in the future he kept a safe distance from the big fellows.

He learned that the rifle was the death signal, and sprang in for a death grip to the throat at the instant of its report. He also learned that the smaller boars would sometimes be killed with a knife, but in this he overrated the man-power.

On several occasions, when more than one hog was encountered, Jerry would let go his grip as soon as he felt my pull on the animal's hind leg, and race away on the trail of another. In such instances, it was a case of hold the boar by a hind leg, boot him to the ground, and quickly end the struggle with the *coup de grâce*—sometimes a tough job to perform without the aid of the dog on the boar's front end.

MR. SHELDON determined to get the big boar that had held him up in the trail, "even if it had to be done at the risk of hunting in the dark." So—

A few nights later, having bound a flashlight to my rifle barrel, I started for the old boar's hang-out—the upper field near a wooded mountain. Jerry, tho still wearing his badge of honor (a collar of bandage), jumped up, ready for another battle, as I took the rifle from the rack.

It was a bright, starlit night, but I could see no animal in the field. I had arrived a few minutes too soon. The boar was on his way from the range. Jerry dashed away into the brush and soon after gave tongue in hot pursuit of the boar, which didn't stop until he reached the top of the range. Jerry's fierce barking told me it was a big tusker.

To shoot a wild boar in a field by flashlight, with a nice strong fence to climb in case of emergency, was my first mental picture of this boar hunt in the dark. But here was the boar on top of a brushy mountain, his back against his own wall of protection, and a long, hard climb separating us. I looked at the flash-light attached to the rifle barrel. I was anxious to try it out and, spurred on by Jerry's bark, I decided to make the effort.

The sweat was streaming into my eyes when I reached the ridge. Jerry, seeing the

UNIQUE

LAVORIS has a scientific mouth-purging action, very different from ordinary antiseptic mouth washes. It coagulates germ-laden mucus . . . flushes out embedded bacteria and leaves the mouth and throat in a clean and healthful condition. That's why it is used in daily practice by 85% of all dentists.

Lavoris positively will not injure delicate membrane. Its effect is stimulating. Its taste is pleasant.

THE LAVORIS COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Lavoris Chemical Co., Ltd., *Toronto, Ont., Canada*

ACCEPT A TRIAL BOTTLE

THE LAVORIS COMPANY
Dept. L.D.
994 North Third Street
Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your large, generous sample of Lavoris. I enclose 10c for cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....61R

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flash, and hearing my crash through the brush, increased his barking to a frenzy. I threw on the flash at a reasonably safe distance, but saw only the white body of Jerry in a haze of shadow and light. Then I worked up to within about forty feet of dog and boar, and threw the flash on them, which scared the boar. He ran a short distance to another stand.

Jerry was barking savagely and in plain view, while the boar was out of sight behind a bush. I could hear his jaws champing, and fired through the brush.

Poor Jerry! My bad judgment was the cause of two more deep wounds. He grabbed the big boar by the throat and was ripped in the shoulder, tho luckily only a glancing blow. Another tusk went completely through his hind leg just above the hock. Then, as I sent a bullet into the boar's belly (all I could see through the brush), Jerry again grabbed the big brute by the throat and hung on with such grit that the weakening boar could not shake him off. In the meantime I was desperately trying to get in a shot without killing the dog. The moment finally came when the shoulder of the old tusker was revealed for a brief instant, and a bullet put him down and out.

But this was not an unusually large one, tho he was fully mature. Persisting in his hunt for the big tusker, Mr. Sheldon tells how he finally was successful—

A few days later I was again returning to the cabin after dark, and Jerry left me almost at the cabin door to race into the field. His keen nose got the scent of a big fellow down near the creek, two hundred yards away. I could tell by the deep, throaty grunts of the boar as he rushed the dog that he was a big one, and also because of the slow, deliberate way in which he left the field for the hills. Jerry could not stop him. I sat on my horse and debated for some time whether I would risk another chance of getting Jerry cut up, and possibly killed, my horse slashed in the legs, or myself thrown into a bed of cactus. But Jerry's bark had an appeal I could not resist.

I got my flash-light from camp and galloped up a horse trail through the hills to the sound of the barking. As I got within a hundred yards I shouted to Jerry to assure him I was following. The boar heard me and turned at bay, waiting for a fight.

At this point I left my horse. The boar was in a deep ravine above me, but instead of working up to him in a direct course I made a wide detour and climbed the mountain to get to him on a down-hill stalk. I approached within seventy-five feet of the barking Jerry, but a little ridge hid me from the boar. By getting to the top of this, I figured on having almost a vertical view of the boar in the ravine below.

I looked over, but could see only Jerry's white coat.

I snapt on the flash-light, and there stood the boar, head on, under a wild-cherry tree. He was a great black tusker. His jaws were working, and I could see the long tusks gleaming as they clicked a challenge. Yet only for a brief second or two, for the little bead settled to the center of the big black head, and he went down kicking, with Jerry tugging at his throat.

What a beautiful specimen of an ugly beast! Here, at last, was the big black boar for which I had hunted so long. He had five-inch tusks, a great head with long wiry hair, and five-inch bristles down his withers—250 pounds of wild boar.

BURBERRY
Styling

THE easy style and good taste of Burberry overcoats never "take possession" of the wearer and become obtrusive because the very essence of good form in English styling lies in its natural and unstudied appearance.

Burberry overcoats are famous the world over among well-turned-out men of affairs.

Burberrys Gabardine
THROW-COATS
In the saddle—on the beach—over hill and dale—along the smartest avenue in town. Always in good taste, always in good form.

There are Burberry dealers in most of the larger cities in the United States and Canada. For the name of your nearest dealer write to our New York Wholesale Office, 14 E. 38th St.

By Appointment to H.M. King George V

BURBERRYS *Ltd.*
of LONDON, ENGLAND

BURBERRYS
LONDON

Little gifts that score big!

Krementz Collar and Tie Holder Sets in attractive Gift Box $2. Also Collar Holder and Cuff Link Sets.

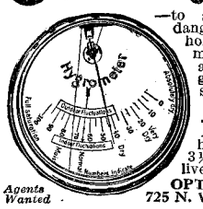
NO need to spend a lot! Krementz smart new "Necktie Sets" in their attractive Gift Boxes cost but a trifle and will delight *any* man or girl. Also Hand Painted Crystal "Sets" and separate pieces. At fashionable dealers everywhere. Booklet with Correct Dress Chart on request.

KREMENTZ & CO.,
Newark, N. J.

Hand-painted Crystal "stirrup" design Ascot Brooch. Choice of Horse Head, Fox, Scotty, Terrier, Golfer or Steeple Chase. $2.

KREMENTZ
GIFT *Jewelry*

Guard Your Health
Own A Hygrometer



—to avoid the discomfort and danger of dry air in the heated home. Tell at a glance the moisture content of the indoor air. Correct humidity is a guard to your health and a saver of fuel.

An Ideal Gift
Attractively mounted in a handsome copper case, 3½ inch gilt dial—Delivered postpaid for . . . $2.85

Agents Wanted
OPTICIAN LANDO—Dept. L
725 N. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Check-list of Books for Christmas

The Complete Book of Parties.
By Margaret Lockwood Andrews
Covers all fields of entertaining. Illustrated. 340 pages. *Cloth, $2.00; by mail, $2.14.*

Individuality and Clothes: The Blue Book of Personal Attire.
By Margaret Story
Dressing to express one's individuality. Illustrated, 480 pages. *Cloth, $3.50; by mail, $3.68.*

How To Use English: A Guide To Correct Speech and Writing.
By Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly
668 pages. *Cloth, $2.50; by mail, $2.64.*

Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations.
A rich treasury of 21,000 quotations. 1,374 pages. *Cloth, $7.50; by mail, $7.80. Thumb index, 75c extra.*

All bookstores, or the publishers.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

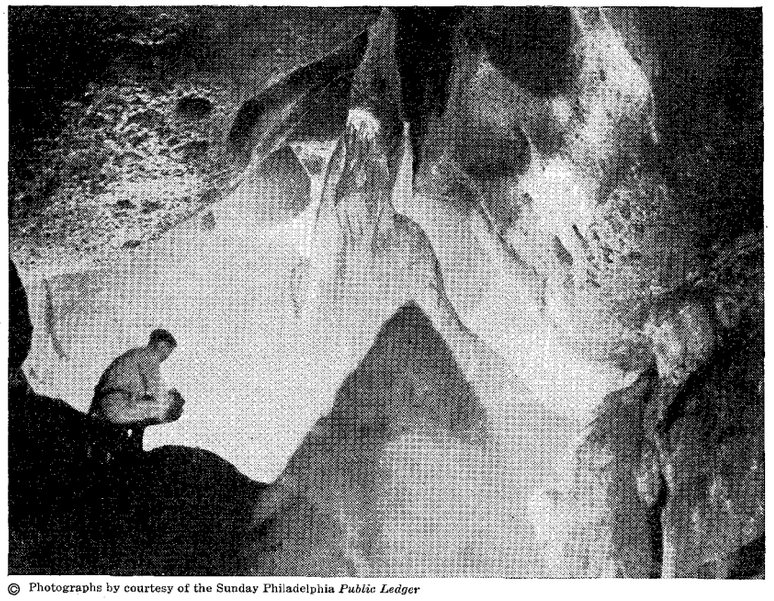
Weird Inhabitants That Grope in a Newly Discovered Texas Cave

BLIND albino frogs with translucent bodies.

Pale gray bats and milk-white crickets and beetles.

Queer blind fish and crawfish with "feelers" developed as a substitute for their useless eyes.

All these denizens of a land of eternal blackness were discovered when two intrepid explorers plumbed the hazardous recesses of an immense cave in Texas—the first humans to set foot in that particular bit of Pluto's realm.



© Photographs by courtesy of the Sunday Philadelphia *Public Ledger*

The "Weeping Goddess With a Bustle"

So the explorers dubbed the statuesque formation dimly seen in the upper center of the picture. The bustle and long skirt are fairly distinct.

"AFTER exploring caves on five continents, including the Carlsbad Caverns of New Mexico and the weird caves of Southern France," says Dr. Frank E. Nicholson, telling us about his awesome experience, in an article copyrighted by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* Magazine, "this writer has concluded that a cave near Boerne, Texas, on the Old Spanish Trail, which he recently discovered and explored, is one of the most bewildering labyrinths he has ever seen—due to the multitude of living things found therein." Reading on:

The spectacular entrance is a Gothic arch carved out by torrential waters in the face of a sheer cliff of honeycomb rock, some sixty feet high. The opening has long been known to the residents of Texas' famous "Hill Country," in Kendell County, but the cave was believed to extend but 500 feet. At that point a subterranean lake blocked further progress. From the ceiling above the lake hung huge stalactites, reaching down and into the water; creating the aspects of a back wall of the cave.

For no one knows how many ages this dark lake with its formidable fangs of stone pressing downward from overhead; with jagged rocks beneath its black surface, had stood guard as an ancient dragon over treasures beyond.

Much must lie beyond, I concluded, upon first visiting the lake. Why? Because evidence of erosion was so strong at the entrance and in the first room as to prove that the torrents of meteoric waters which carved the gigantic opening must have carved more than five hundred feet before ceasing their labors.

Furthermore, what appeared to be the back wall was stalactitic formation that hung down from the ceiling, rather than rising from the floor. Doubtless it would be possible to duck under the barrier—if one didn't mind getting too wet.

So Dr. Nicholson and his assistant decided to find out. "We stript off our outer clothing and waded into the icy, black waters. The floor was irregular, and we gyrated considerably as each step led us into deeper water." Further:

As we pushed forward the water rose higher and higher on our bodies, until it reached our armpits. We were now at the spot where the cave was supposed to end. We felt with our hands the bottom of the first formation—the tip was perhaps a foot below the surface of the water. The plan was to dive beneath, swimming under water until we had cleared the obstruction overhead and reached the inward shore of the lake.

We were using three-cell flash-lamps which we sealed in half-gallon fruit jars, enabling us to keep them burning under water.

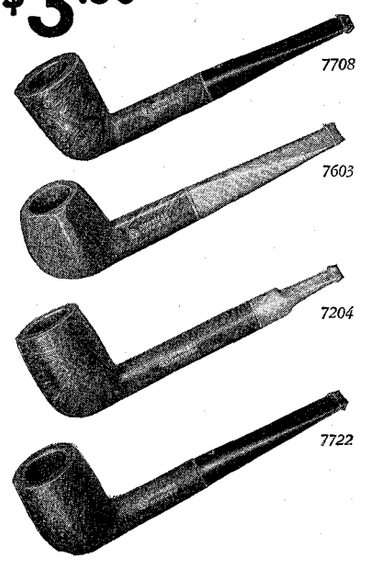
We soon grew somewhat accustomed to the chilly waters, and with a deep breath dived down—not without silent prophecies as to what might await us farther on.

We progressed foot by foot. With one hand we held our light focused upward. Now and again we found "pockets" between formations into which we could lift our heads, bringing mouth above water.

At last, after traveling thus about two

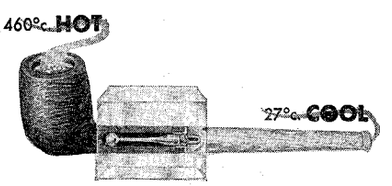
NEW Drinkless KAYWOODIE

$3.50



Give him
the ONLY PIPE that every man can smoke

BECAUSE there's no bitter juice to get in his mouth, no hot sting to bite his tongue. University tests prove the secret alloy in New Drinkless Kaywoodie cools smoke from 460° centigrade at the bowl to 27° at the mouth—17 times as cool!



Just like smoking through ice. No other pipe is like it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

Look for this Cloverleaf on the bit. Insist on it!

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., Empire State Building, New York City. Established 1851

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$40 TO California

One way from Chicago in coaches and chair cars. Proportionately low fares from St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis-St. Paul, and many intermediate points. Same fares returning.

Los Angeles LIMITED

Rendezvous of famous figures in all walks of life, who appreciate the refinements of modern train travel. Barber, bath, maid and valet. "Meals that appeal." Everything to your liking. And, the same superb service on the de luxe San Francisco Overland Limited

W. S. Basinger, Pass'r Traf. Mgr.
Room 337, Union Pacific System
Omaha, Nebr.

Please send me information about fares to

Name_____

Address_____

UNION PACIFIC

Print Your Own

Cards, Stationery, Circulars, Advertising etc. Save money. Print for others, big profit. Junior Press, $5.90. Job press $11 up. Power $149. Easy rules sent. Write for free catalog with all details. The KELSEY Co., Y-23, Meriden, Conn.

Does God Interfere?

and other liberal religious literature sent upon request.

H. E. Dodge, Station A-406, Worcester, Mass.

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 12,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

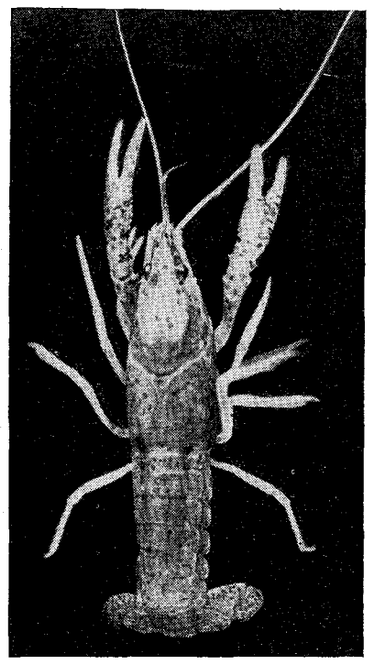
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1252-H, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,100 C. P. A.'s

Cassell's New French Dictionary

French-English and English-French. "Best in existence," says *Critical Review*, Paris. Cloth, 1043 pp. Prepaid $2.68. Thumb-notch index, 75c extra. Full flexible leather, thumb-notch index, $6.00, prepaid. FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York.

hundred feet, they crawled out on dry land. "We flashed out lights ahead, and were held spellbound at the spectacular sight which met our eyes." For behold:

Ahead, the ceiling rose, the cave opened into a great vaulted tunnel, hung with literally millions of formations of infinite variety, size, and shape. Stalagmites,



A Feeler Replaces Blind Eyes

which, in the distance, looked fantomlike and forbidding, became gleaming columns of calcide, as lights were brought nearer.

The formations on all sides of us, we soon noted, were tinted in pastel shades of red, gray, and amber.

We came to spots where the ceiling disappeared behind millions of stalactites; some massive, others no larger in diameter than a wheat straw. Here and there against the walls were frozen cascades of flow-stone. Jutting rocks supported lacy formations, like coral.

We pushed ahead until we came to a pool of water, as clear as glass. It was a subterranean spring, and the water, bubbling over the edge of the basin, flowed down the main tunnel. Following its course we finally stood beside a seemingly bottomless pit into which the stream emptied, the sparkle of the water losing itself in the gloom of a black hole—no man knows how deep!

Along the edges of the stream we noted living things. There were numerous white crawfish crawling about the sand bottom of the stream. The crawfish's ancestors were crawfish that, for some reason or urge which science can not explain, left a world of sunshine to live in dark recesses underground.

Their eyes became useless in the black abode, but Mother Nature caused a whisker-like growth to sprout from their nose—a sensitive "feeler" that connects with a nerve to their now useless eyeballs.

We also found two rather rare phelegrodroid salamanders, cave amphibians, which we captured, and which are now on exhibit in the Witte Memorial Museum, in San Antonio, Texas.

Clinging on a shining onyx formation, we found a queen frog that, as yet, no one can identify. In some respects it resembles a tree frog—but other characteristics bear no relation to that species. Its fore feet have three toes each, and the hind feet four. On either toe is a "vacuum-cup" arrangement, which enables the frog to cling to slick surfaces.

Apparently, it was as comfortable clinging on wall or ceiling, horizontal or upside down, as it was on the floor. We found that by placing the specimen on the lens of our flash-lamp that it was translucent, almost transparent. We could see its entire intestinal track. It was milk-white in color, but a few days after it was brought into daylight pinkish spots appeared on its back. The specimen is now in the Texas University zoology department for further study.

Along the trail we also found white crickets and beetles by the hundreds.

MYSTERY abounded at every turn "as we realized that we were the first human visitors to this strange country throughout its ages of existence"—

In one alcove we found a hollow stalagmite, some three feet in diameter and equally high. A subterranean spring empties into it. Pure sparkling water bubbled over the upper rim. We drank our fill, and dubbed it "The Fountain of Youth."

A mile inside we came into a gigantic chamber, the ceiling of which is a particularly interesting example of erosion. Eddying waters long ago ground out deep, inverted bowls overhead; some as deep as ten feet, and from eight to twelve feet in diameter. The ceiling bears striking resemblance to that of the old Alhambra.

We found a lower level to this chamber, with an opening that led on. It was a few feet down this passageway that we found Spanish oak and hackberry trees defying the laws of nature.

More than a mile from daylight, in excess of 600 feet below the surface, denied sun and rain, this growth has carried on for years. There were perhaps fifty of them.

We took specimens to William King, well-known Southern botanist, who made an examination of the gnarled roots, the

Blind, White, Translucent

semitransparent trunks and branches and the pale green leaves, and, according to him, they exceed fifteen years in age—tho less than two feet tall.

We are taught that the reason for trees stretching upward is that they are reaching for the life-giving sunshine. Yet these scrub trees which have never known sun are growing absolutely perpendicular, altho they have sprouted from a sloping floor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Average Motorist Ignorant of Automotive Terms

WHETHER it is a sport, an art, or a science, every form of human endeavor has its own terminology. Motoring is no exception. It has brought into every language a new nomenclature comprising words that have been given a new significance.

This nomenclature is for the most part familiar to every motorist, yet if he were asked to give a precise definition of many motoring terms, he might find some difficulty. An occasional review to refresh one's memory, therefore, is not amiss, notes William Ullman, in a bulletin of his Feature Service (Washington):

The use of terminology of this sort provides, as every one knows, a verbal shorthand that offers a conversational short-cut in discussing the varying phases of car mechanism and performance.

Every motorist finds himself using such terms as "gear ratio," "horse-power," "mixture" and the like, and all have precise meanings which have a great deal of thought behind them.

Horse-power, for example, is a universal yardstick for power measurement which, of course, has nothing to do with horses. Its use dates from the pioneering of James Watt, who found that steam was capable of exerting a great force. In mechanical lingo, one horse-power represents the power which will raise 33,000 pounds weight one foot in one minute.

Applied to the motor-car, horse-power rating is a theoretical figure arrived at by the use of a formula which takes into account the bore, or diameter of the cylinder, and the stroke or distance traveled by the piston, together with the cubic displacement of all the cylinders of the engine. This figure is used for taxation purposes. Brake horse-power, on the other hand, is what the engine develops in its operation. It represents the power which must be exerted to bring a car to a stop; that is, the force which must be applied to the brakes to make them overcome the power which is being developed by the engine.

The cryptic letters "r. p. m." appear from time to time in automotive discussions. They mean, of course, revolutions per minute. But revolutions of what? The motorist may say that the phrase indicates how fast the engine is turning over. That is correct, but he must remember that the full meaning of the expression is that it is a measurement of the number of revolutions of the crankshaft or flywheel in one minute.

"Gear reduction" is another item of automobile mechanics that may find the motorist handicapped for an exact explanation. Yet it is an extremely important index of the car's capability to transmit engine power to the driven wheels.

When "gear ratio" is spoken of, it usually refers to the reduction between the engine crankshaft and the rear axle. Properly speaking, says Mr. Ullman, this is "total gear reduction," for the term also may be applied to transmission. When applied to the total reduction, the term denotes the number of times the propeller shaft turns to one revolution of the rear axle. He goes on:

Round the World

$749

Via the Sunshine Belt and the Orient

26,000 miles Round the Globe in famous President Liner luxury for only $749 First Class! Visit 21 ports in 14 different countries, 85 cities or more, if you wish. Take 85 days or six full months—stopping over as you like, continuing on other President Liners that sail weekly from New York and the Pacific Coast to the Orient and Round the World. All have every stateroom outside . . . spacious public rooms and sunny decks . . . outdoor swimming pools. • New York-California from $175 First Class, $135 Special Class. Investigate economical roundtrip fares on President Liners, and low one-way water, one-way rail combinations. Get full information from your local railroad or travel agent, or . . .

Dollar Steamship Lines and American Mail Line

24 Providence St., Boston • 110 S. Dearborn St., Chicago • Union Trust Arcade, Cleveland • 514 W. 6th St., Los Angeles • 604 Fifth Ave., New York • 152 Broadway, Portland, Ore. • 311 California St., San Francisco • 338 E. Broadway, San Diego • Fourth at University, Seattle • 217 Bay St., Toronto, Canada 465 Howe St., Vancouver, B. C. • Transportation Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Solve Your Gift Problems This Christmas With

The Funk & Wagnalls

PRACTICAL

STANDARD DICTIONARY

FRANK H. VIZETELLY, Litt.D., LL.D., Editor

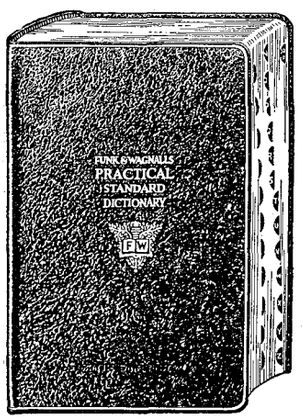
Containing 1,325 *pages*—

140,000 terms, *all in one alphabetic vocabulary;* only one place to look for the word you want.

15,000 proper names.

2,500 illustrative engravings—*a massive wealth of pictorial adornment with true definitive value;* 26 full-page engravings.

1,900 *foreign phrases* used in English conversation, drawn from the French, Greek, Italian, Latin, and Spanish.



Full Leather Binding

Actual Size 9½ ins. high; 6¾ ins. wide

Most Complete Abridged Dictionary Published

In schools, in business offices, in homes—for physicians, teachers, lawyers, writers—for public speakers, students, men of affairs—for club-women business women, society women, and "old-fashioned" (?) women directing home affairs—for parents who are training their children in that priceless accomplishment, the correct use of our language—for all who speak, read, or write English, or who desire to do so, this volume will prove a never-failing guide.

The Most Up-to-Date

The Practical Standard defines the *newest words* and phrases. *Definitions are more clear, more explanatory, and more modern than in any similar work.*

To Win Word Contests

and solve cross-word puzzles use only this most *modern* dictionary and save yourself from disappointment. Get a *Funk & Wagnalls Practical Standard Dictionary* because it is the largest abridged dictionary published and contains many thousand more words than will be found in other dictionaries of similar cost.

"Far Superior"

Philadelphia Public Ledger: "It is so far superior to any other American dictionary of its size that it will be welcomed by every one who wants a handy reference book."

Ideal for Gift-Giving

The Practical Standard Dictionary measures up to the highest standards of beauty and impressiveness as a gift. In addition, this authoritative book will be in daily use among those to whom you give it, and thus will prove a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness.

Supreme Value!

Think of it! This matchless dictionary—the newest and the largest abridged dictionary published—printed on Bible paper from new type, in the most popular and durable binding at prices that give you the best dollar-for-dollar value!

Cloth, Colored Edges, with Thumb-Notch Index, $5.00. Fabrikoid, Marbled Edges, with Thumb-Notch Index, $6.00. Full Flexible Leather, Gilt Edges, Thumb-Notch Index, Boxed, $7.50. Postage, 26c., extra. Full Crushed Levant, Gilt Edges, Hand Tooled, Raised Bands, Boxed, $17.50.

At all Bookstores, or direct from

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Ave., N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Gift for a Lifetime

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

The "Supreme Authority"

The perfect gift for all the family offering a lifetime of usefulness. It is universally accepted and used in *courts, libraries, schools. 452,000 entries, 32,000 geographical* subjects, *12,000 biographical* entries. Over *6,000 illustrations, 100 valuable tables.*

See it at any bookstore or send for FREE illustrated pamphlet containing sample pages of The New International.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
198 Broadway, Springfield, Mass.

Foretell the Weather

This reliable barometer enables you to foretell accurately any change in weather 8 to 24 hours in advance. Mahogany case, enameled dial, bevel glass front. Size 5½ inches.

The Ideal Gift

and at a price that cannot be duplicated. **$2.85**
Guaranteed, postpaid.....
We repair all makes of barometers.

Agents Wanted

OPTICIAN LANDO—Dept. L
725-N. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Cough?

Don't just deaden it —remove the CAUSE!

YOUR throat and bronchial tubes are lined with millions of pores like tiny bottles continually supplying moisture to the delicate tissues... *until you "catch cold."*

Then these "bottles" get plugged up, phlegm accumulates, affording dangerous germs a breeding place. Your throat feels hot and dry. Tickling, irritation and coughing set in.

Your cough will be cured only when the flow of the natural fluid is increased, loosening the phlegm so that it can be expelled. Many cough "remedies" contain numbing drugs which merely deaden the nerves . . . but don't get at the root of the trouble.

PERTUSSIN, a scientific remedy, which doctors have prescribed for many years, is the extract of a famous herb which opens the tiny glands, stimulates the flow of the throat's *natural* moisture and brings quick relief. It helps nature heal that awful cough from the inside out.

When you feel that warning dryness take a few spoons of PERTUSSIN. It's absolutely safe. Sold at all drug stores, 60¢.

FREE Is your cough serious? Send for interesting small phonograph record and find out. Reproduces characteristic sounds of different coughs. Mail coupon to "PERTUSSIN," 440 Washington St., New York City. Dept. LD-1

Transmission gear ratio, on the other hand, is the ratio between the engine crankshaft and the propeller or driveshaft. Objectively, the ratio in either case may be found by direct comparison of the number of teeth on the driving and driven gear. The larger number divided by the smaller gives as a quotient the gear ratio.

Another ratio which figures prominently in engine description these days is compression ratio. This may be defined briefly as the proportion between the volume of gas in a cylinder after the inlet valve has closed and the volume of gas in the same cylinder after the compression stroke has been completed. If there is one cubic foot of gas in the cylinder immediately after the inlet valve has closed, and this volume is compressed by the upstroke of the piston to one-fifth of a cubic foot, the compression ratio of the engine is then 5 to 1.

"Mixture" is a commonly used term. As every one knows, the function of the carbureter is to supply the proper mixture or proportion of air to raw gasoline. If the proportion is 12 to 1, it means simply that there are twelve parts of air to one of gasoline admitted to the cylinders. This ratio is one of the weight of the two substances.

If the amount of air is increased to sixteen parts to one of gasoline, the mixture is that much leaner. The richness of the mixture signifies the extent of the absence of air. An average mixture is 15 to 1 by weight, which is the same as saying that the gasoline weighs one-fifteenth that of the air combined with it in the carbureter.

"Steering into a skid" means simply steering in the direction of the skid.

Usually the skid consists in a side slipping of the rear wheels. If they slip to the right, the remedy is to steer also to the right. If the rear wheels are pulled to the right, the whole car is pointing obliquely to the left. Obviously it must be steered to the right to place it once more in a straight course.

Dejunking Nature

Canadian towns are noted for their beauty, and tourists passing through Toronto have noticed especially the neat streets and perfect rows of trees that border them. And this is true in many other Ontario towns.

They have now made another great forward step in the way of beautification in the removal of billboards, which are being taken down throughout the province at the rate of 75 to 100 a week.

The Ontario law provides that no sign of any kind may be erected on or hang over the highway, barns within view of the road can not be painted with advertising, and automatic signs are not allowed along the highway, except with special permission, because they divert the driver's attention, and thus constitute a traffic menace.

Signs are forbidden at turns in the road for the same reason, rusty and neglected signs already in place must be cleaned or removed, and even signs erected by a person on his own property must be below a certain size, and are subject to a fee. The roads are constantly patrolled by four inspectors to enforce the act, and offenders are brought into court.

The Ontario regulations are being adopted by other Canadian provinces and might well be considered by communities in the United States.

Portsmouth (N. H.) Herald.

IT HIT HIM AT 2 A.M.

70% of all ACUTE INDIGESTION strikes late at NIGHT (when drug stores are closed). Be safe—be ready with Bell-ans. Six Bell-ans, Hot water, Sure Relief. 25c and 75c at all drug stores.

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

6 Bell-ans
Hot water
Sure Relief

Cuticura Ointment

For all the skin troubles of childhood. Wise mothers should always keep it on hand.

Price 25c. Sample free. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 7K, Malden, Mass.

How to Improve Your Conversation

By GRENVILLE KLEISER

Author of "A Complete Guide to Public Speaking," "How to Speak in Public," etc., and Correspondence Courses in Good English and Public Speaking.

Tells how to be a good listener as well as a good talker; discusses the cultivation of a pleasing voice, the importance of giving children a mastery of cultured speech, etc. A complete guide. **$2.00; By Mail, $2.14**

All Booksellers, or
FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., Publishers
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

FREE—SHOPPERS' DIRECTORY of GOOD PRODUCTS

ADVERTISING
GUIDE
VALUABLE BOOKLETS—SOMETIMES SAMPLES — FREE OR AT THE COST OF MAILING — GIFT SUGGESTIONS FOR X'MAS SHOPPERS
A summary of 100 interesting Advertisements from the November issues of
THE LITERARY DIGEST

It contains a list of current Digest advertisers, summarizes their messages, tells you which offer samples or booklets free or at the cost of mailing, and where to write for them.

THE ADVERTISING GUIDE

offers helpful suggestions for Christmas shoppers. It lists nationally-known and dependable products for the family, the home and the business. It protects you against inferior substitutes and helps you receive the maximum dollar-for-dollar value.

Write for a copy of the new edition just off the press. When writing to advertisers please say that you saw the advertisement in The Literary Digest. It will assure you prompt and courteous attention.

The Literary Digest
354 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Please send me a free copy of the Advertising Guide.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED.
UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

A STRANGE threnody that reveals the allegiance to two worlds that wealth has imposed on some Oklahoma Indians. In *Kaleidograph* (Dallas):

BACON RIND

By ALMA M. JEWELL

No light-shaft highway slants a-crest that hill,
Rock-rumped, oak-flanked, where Bacon Rind seeks rest
Above relentless, steel. oil-tensioned drill,
A poisoned arrow in the Osage breast—
Curse of an exiled race reputed blest.

Rest, Wah-she-hah of the Kansas prairies,
Of the Wah-ti-an-kah Osage band,
Rest sachem, sage of Oklahoma,
The twisted trail ascends to peaceful land.

Did throbbing motor of your light-swift car,
As light-swift car on light-shaft highway sped,
Touch overtones of tom-tom echoes, far
Far behind—and farther still ahead—
Dim, blood-stirring echoes of the dead?

Scorned, your imposing white-man's mansion home,
Your big oil-money mansion-house abode;
The little back-yard teepee shrined the tome
Of ancient wisdom which you sought and sowed—
A primal wisdom couched in primal code.

Cyclonic, whirled a mad machine-age wind
Around your skin-shod Neolithic feet;
Against stern tribal gods you have not sinned
Though racked by civilization's pulsing beat;
An hundred lives your eighty years complete.

As sun's plumb-rays unsealed the eternal gate,
Illumed your path to Happy Hunting Ground,
Orenda-chant eclipsed diurnal prate
Of pious priest, and with unleashed rebound
Your harassed spirit transformation found.

No light-shaft highway slants a-crest that hill,
Rock-rumped, oak-flanked, where Bacon Rind shall rest
Above relentless, steel, oil-tensioned drill,
A poisoned arrow in the Osage breast—
Curse of an exiled race reputed blest.

Rest, Wah-she-hah of the Kansas prairies,
Of the Wah-ti-an-kah Osage band,
Rest sachem, sage of Oklahoma,
The twisted trail ascends to peaceful land.

THE country dweller feels a natural aversion to the invasion of city hordes, but is helpless against the "mighty hand." From "American College Verse" (Henry Harrison, New York):

THE CITY COMES

By HELEN FRITH STICKNEY

The rustic spirit of the countryside
Still bravely seeks to bar the city ways,
With an aloofness, touched with ancient pride,
Until the week brings on its closing days.
Then tumult races menacing along,
In endless line of cars, with sounding horn.

All day they pass, with noise of shifting gears,
With roar of wheels and brakes in strident cry
Sounding a warning that a city nears,
And late into the darkness, passes by.
The many lights flash on their blinding way,
Like yellow giant eyes, that seek their prey.

In vain let Monday bring back ancient peace;
The country folk still see the trampled grass.
The old, slow-footed rural ways will cease.
The leafy roads and narrow windings pass.
An alien grasp is on the yielding land—
The city stretches out a mighty hand.

A GAILY stepping poem that keeps pace with the glancing color of its subject. In *Skyline* (Quarterly of Cleveland College of Western Reserve University):

AUTUMN IS A SENORITA

By WINNIE LYNCH ROCKETT

See her coming down the mountain,
Amber sunlight in her glances!
Drawing near a jetting fountain,
Gleefully she whirls and dances,
Flirting with the pliant willows,
Bowing down in adoration.
Catching sight of jade-green billows,
Ceres making her libation,
Autumn runs across the wheat fields—
Castanets of grain appearing
As the verdure to her feet yields.
Tired at last, she turns her searing
Footsteps homeward. But in scaling
Nimbly up toward distant boulders,
Her gay shawl she leaves wide-trailing,
Draped across the mountain's shoulders!

AN honest confession in *The New Yorker*, that many might echo in part, at least:

WORK

By MILDRED WESTON

Driven to it
I would slave
From the cradle
To the grave
With no feeling
Of vexation:
Labor being
Man's salvation.

In a chain gang
Or a galley
I would be
The last to dally,
But
Left to my own devices,
Very little work
Suffices.

THE one who offers consolation may be kin to little Peterkin's grandsire. From *The Owego Times* (New York):

CONCERNING POLLYANNA

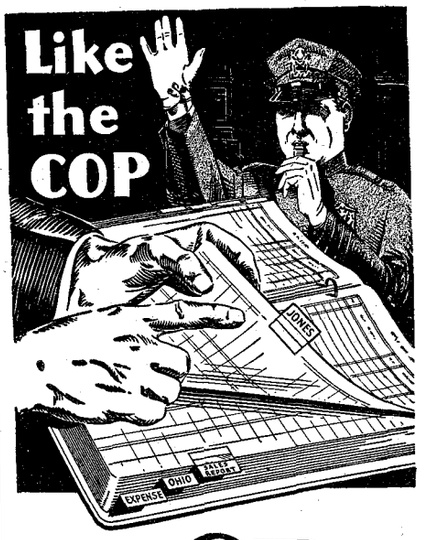
By JOHN H. CURTIN

The little lad was weeping—and his nose was running, too;
Some snow had melted down one leg and trickled to his shoe;
His little teeth were chattering; his little lips were blue.

"How now!" quoth one with cheery mein, and muffler 'round his neck,
"Why is it that you weep, young sir?
Is there no way to check
The tears that flow like rain upon a wild and wind-swept deck?

"Do you not know that spring will come and all your skies will clear;
That from each budding, bending bough a robin's song you'll hear,
And we have 'turned the corner' and
Prosperity is here?"

The little lad still whimpered on; his feeble anguish rose;
The snow still fell and melted on his shabby little clothes.
"I only know I'm c-c-cold," he sobbed, and wiped his little nose.



RAND
MAK-UR-OWN
INDEX TABS
keep the traffic moving *fast*

Ordinary indexing can't prevent traffic jams in your records. It takes the flash and color of Rand Mak-Ur-Own Index Tabs to locate every desired reference instantly, without slowing down the orderly routine of business.

Write the label.
ANY INDEX
Insert label in strip of Mak-ur-own.
ANY INDEX
Cut Mak-ur-own strip to fit label--no waste.
ANY INDEX
Attach finished tab to index sheet.

SIX COLORS. Widths for 1, 2 or 3 lines of bold face indexing, as long or short as you wish. No waste. Self-aligning, reinforced, gummed linen skirts protect margin on both sides of sheet. Change labels as often as desired. The tabs are practically indestructible.

Indispensable for economical and systematic indexing of all important business and personal records, topical data, charts, graphs, blue prints, etc. Buy Mak-Ur-Own from your stationer.

MAIL the coupon for FREE SAMPLES

THE VICTOR SAFE & EQUIPMENT CO.
1210 Phillips Street Marietta, Ohio

Send Free Samples of Mak-Ur-Own advertised in Literary Digest, December 10, 1932.

Name .....

Address .....

THE FUNK & WAGNALLS NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY is needed in every American home where education and culture are truly esteemed.

Rx

Luden's is a cough and cold *prescription* that contains 11 medicinal ingredients, recognized by the United States Pharmacopoeia.

LUDEN'S
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
5c

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yuletide Spending Prospects

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY SEASON is under way. The Christmas shopper is going about the street. The shelves are filled with holiday goods.

The banks are distributing $441,000,000 to 10,500,000 members of Christmas Clubs, and the papers are speculating over what the money will be spent for.

This year there is a drop in Christmas Club disbursements, due chiefly to the depression, of course, and partly to disturbed banking conditions in certain sections earlier in the year. The entire Christmas fund has been reduced by about 26 per cent. from last year, and membership has declined about 12 per cent. The average Christmas Club member will spend about $42.00 as against $47.00 a year ago. But it must not be forgotten that because of lower prices $42.00 will go farther this year than $47.00 did last year.

Herbert F. Rawll, president of Christmas Club, Inc., hears from various sections of the country that there will be a special urge for constructive and useful presents.

Mr. Rawll gives this estimate of the distribution of Christmas-Club money:

	Amount	*Per Cent.*
Christmas purchases	$167,500,000	38
Permanent savings; investment	123,500,000	28
Year-end commitments	48,500,000	11
Taxes	44,000,000	10
Mortgage interest, etc.	26,500,000	6
Insurance premiums	22,000,000	5
Education, charity, travel	9,000,000	2
Totals	$441,000,000	100

As for Christmas buying in general, Department of Commerce officials say it will be good, reports J. C. Royle, in one of his syndicated dispatches from Washington. At least, it will hold its own as compared with non-gift purchasing. On the 1932 Christmas, children "will not go toyless even if stress is placed on the giving of useful gifts," continues Mr. Royle:

The wheeled toys again will be a major feature of the Christmas market.

The lure of speed and motion still is in evidence as the initial demand for railroad and electric cars and engines, airplanes, toy automobiles and trucks and motor-boats indicated. There is less fragility about such toys than ever before, and the same is true of dolls.

The call for wearing apparel as gifts will in all probability be greater than a year ago.

The demand for musical instruments which are not toys is noticeable. Parents are buying them for children not only to give the latter pleasure but because they realize that an ability to play an instrument may, in this day of orchestras and radio programs, help in providing a livelihood.

The automobile trade will benefit from the Christmas season. Gifts of automobiles will be made not so much as providing a pleasure vehicle for the recipient but because the motor-car has become an adjunct, aid, and tool of business, and is as much a necessity as a winter overcoat to some individuals.

The jewelry business has received many a blow in the last three years, but it also will be able to depend on a most satisfactory volume of business in December.

Less stress will be placed on sales of women's underclothing than during previous holiday seasons, but the demand for perfumes and toilet accessories will show little if any drop, according to governmental expert predictions.

THE American toy industry, employing 100,000 people in thirty-five States, is now actually speeding up to prevent a pre-Christmas toy shortage caused by delayed buying by retailers. So reports John A. Crone in a Consolidated Press dispatch from New York. As we read:

From all parts of the toy map comes word of increased activity to fill belated orders—from New York City, the chief doll-manufacturing center; New Jersey, with its metal toys; Pennsylvania, with its metal and musical playthings; Ohio with its crayons, blackboards, wheel goods, airplanes, and scooters; and Connecticut, with its steel construction sets and bell and chime toys.

To Turn Railroads Into Highways

IN NEW ENGLAND ALONE there are some two thousand miles of obsolescent railroad-tracks.

Here is an investment on which the railroad companies can earn little or no return.

A bright idea comes from Rhode Island in the advocacy of making hard-surfaced roads out of these now unprofitable lines. The Rhode Island Commission on Foreign and Domestic Commerce has gone so far as to forward its plan to Calvin Coolidge, Chairman of the National Transportation Committee.

The idea is that the railroads owning this trackage should be given exclusive use of these new highways for their own trucks, with the privilege of charging toll to other trucking companies. As the plan is outlined in a Providence dispatch to *The Wall Street Journal*, in case the railroads themselves did not wish to own and operate the new highways, the roads could be sold to the respective States. Then, by a proper system of tolls the original cost could be paid over a term of years.

In the statement of the Rhode Island plan it is asserted that there would be financial advantage all around:

The cost to the several New England States for construction of a modern highway, suitable to carry the loads of heavy-duty trucks, averages upward of $65,000 a mile, not including cost of right of way. Including right of way, the capital outlay would approximate $100,000 a mile. As the cost of transforming a railroad right of way into a modern highway should not exceed $30,000 a mile, the States, without economic loss, could probably purchase these obsolete branch lines from the railways at $70,000 a mile.

The railroads would thus be able to recover a substantial portion of their investment therein.

IN New England, according to the Commission's figures, a little less than a billion dollars is invested in eight thousand miles of railway. A great deal of this mileage is in branch lines, built years ago to handle the large volume of short-haul traffic now gone to the highways. So the estimate is that 25 per cent., or two thousand miles, is to-day useless trackage, and—

Two thousand miles of obsolescent road at an estimated value of $100,000 per mile means $200,000,000 of property upon which the railways can earn little or no return.

For New England railways to carry this $200,000,000 obsolete investment on their books and earn 5 per cent. means a charge on the New England shipper of $10,000,000 a year. If this is not earned, there must be higher rates on traffic moving over the six thousand miles of railway that has a productive value.

To hold or recapture traffic now going to motor-truck, lower not higher rates than those now obtaining must be charged. Lower rates can be charged only by liquidating in some manner the $200,000,000 investment in obsolete road and equipment.

Certainly by such a sale "rail bondholders would salvage some of their investment," and, continues *The Business Week*—

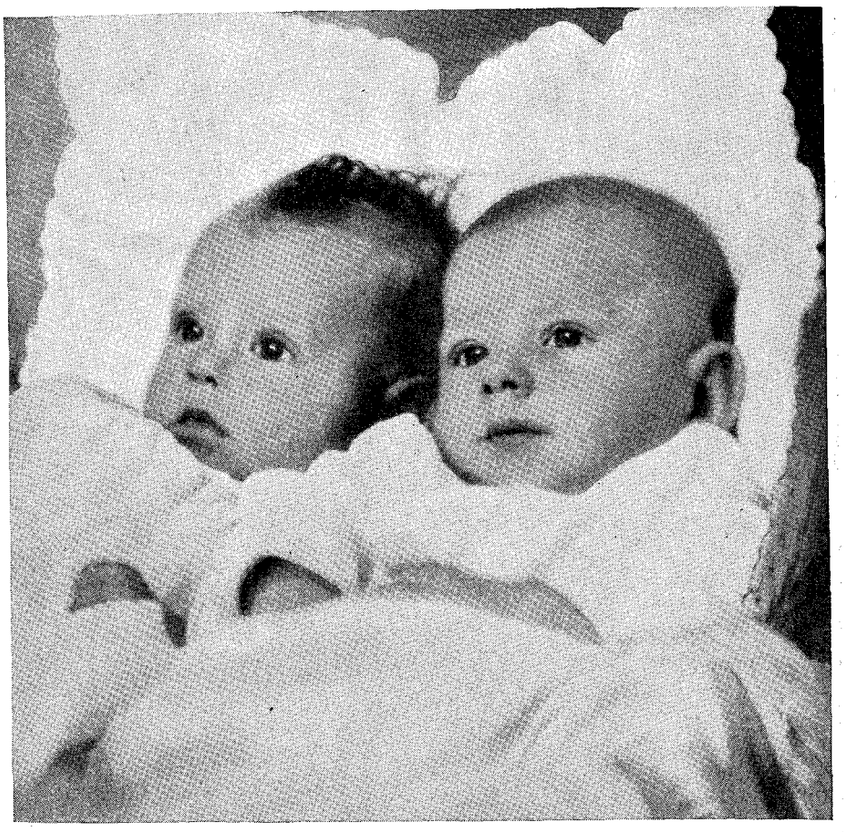
New England would gain a series of low-grade short-line arterial highways, made self-sustaining by truck tolls. Congestion would be relieved on other highways. Requiring trucks in excess of a fixt tonnage to use the toll roads would bring the truck-regulation problem to a happy solution.

But maybe the railroads have some ideas of their own, suggests *The Business Week*. For one thing, they realize that they are beginning to arouse a public sentiment favorable to regulation of their highway competitors, and thereby they may be able to regain lost traffic without making drastic changes. Some of them are operating their own trucks on existing public highways. And then, on the other side, "the truckmen, now organizing for battle, are not likely to relish the toll idea." And perhaps the States would not care to embark upon the road-building program involved in the Rhode Island plan, "particularly since $70,000 a mile may prove less than the carriers will take now, and more than they could hope for later." So *The Business Week* concludes that Mr. Coolidge and his associates may think the Rhode Island solution "possibly inevitable, but probably premature."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Will Your Dreams For *Your* Children Come True?

The Parents of these Twins have found the way



The Van Antwerp twins of Scott City, Kansas, whose parents have begun already to provide for their education and start in life.

How long is it since your baby's warm little hand first closed around your big finger and you vowed to stand by him and give him the chance he deserves for education, success, happiness?

"Babies grow into men and women so fast," says James D. Van Antwerp, father of the twins, "that we realized if we did not immediately begin to lay aside something we could not be certain of their education and start in life.

"We chose an Investors Syndicate Thrift Plan because our family has already cashed three of these certificates and we know the maturity checks always arrive when due, in good times or bad. Through Investors Syndicate we are meeting our obligation to the twins each month just like the grocery bill."

The Van Antwerp family is one of over 70,000 American families who have adopted Investors Syndicate Plans to lay aside funds for their children. Postponement is the only thing which ever keeps a loving parent from providing for his children's future.

Some evening after the baby is tucked safely into bed wouldn't you and your wife like to have a frank discussion with a representative of Investors Syndicate on this most important matter?

Investors Syndicate offers *Thrift Plans* whereby an individual or company, regardless of income, can adopt a systematic plan for accumulating money over a period of years.

Investors Syndicate was founded in 1894. Resources have shown a gradual, consistent increase until they now exceed $49,000,000.00. More than 210,000 individuals and businesses now use Investors Syndicate Plans.

The most common purposes of these are:

Education of children.
Independence at 50, 55 or 60.
Business expansion or reserve.
Home ownership.
Means and leisure for travel.

Upon request (use coupon) Investors Syndicate will send complete information to any person interested.

Mail to Investors Syndicate, Dept. B4, Minneapolis, or consult phone book for address of office in your city.

I am interested in a plan whereby I may lay aside a small part of my income for a specific purpose.

Name_____

Address_____

_____

LISTEN: *To "Memories in Melody"—Investors Syndicate's Sunday evening radio concerts of old and new musical favorites over Columbia-WABC coast-to-coast network—each Sunday at 7:30 p.m. E.S.T.—6:30 p.m. C.S.T.—5:30 p.m. M.S.T.—and 4:30 p.m. P.S.T.*

INVESTORS SYNDICATE

Founded 1894

Offices in 51 Principal Cities . . . Representatives Throughout United States and Canada

AFFILIATED COMPANIES: INVESTORS SYNDICATE TITLE & GUARANTY COMPANY, NEW YORK • INVESTORS SYNDICATE, LTD., MONTREAL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Mass Ablutions.—DUMB DORA—"I don't see how football players ever get clean!"

DITTO—"Silly, what do you suppose the scrub teams are for?"—*Annapolis Log.*

Crowd With a Kick.—POLITICAL SPEAKER—"I'm pleased to see such a dense crowd here to-night."

VOICE—"Don't be too pleased. We ain't all dense."—*Baltimore Southern Methodist.*

Fellow Feeling.—Race-horses do not eat the day before the race, according to a magazine article. And often we do not eat for days after the race.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Humbled Aristocracy.—FIRST HOBO (surveying stream of pleasure-seekers)—"I 'ates 'olidays. Makes yer feel common when nobody ain't workin'."—*London Opinion.*

Rubbed Her the Wrong Way.—MAID—"I left my last place because I was told to do something I didn't like."

PROSPECTIVE MISTRESS—"Really! What was that?"

MAID—"Look for another job."—*Boston Transcript.*

Might Forgive Her at That. — FATHER — "You first met my daughter at the seaside, I believe. She told me how she had attracted you."

SUITOR—"Did she really, sir? Why, she told me you'd be furious if you found out she'd winked!"—*Humorist.*

Warm Welcome.—SERVANT (to lion-tamer in cage)—"Your tailor is here with his bill."

LION-TAMER—"Tell him to come in."—*Gazzettino Illustrato.*

Renewal of a Beautiful Friendship.—"You may not remember me, sir, but two years ago, I rescued your daughter from drowning, and you made me a present of $1,000."

"Yes, indeed, young man—I recall you perfectly. What can I do for you?"

"I merely dropt in to inquire if your daughter has learned to swim yet?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Men of Shears Shed Some Tears.—

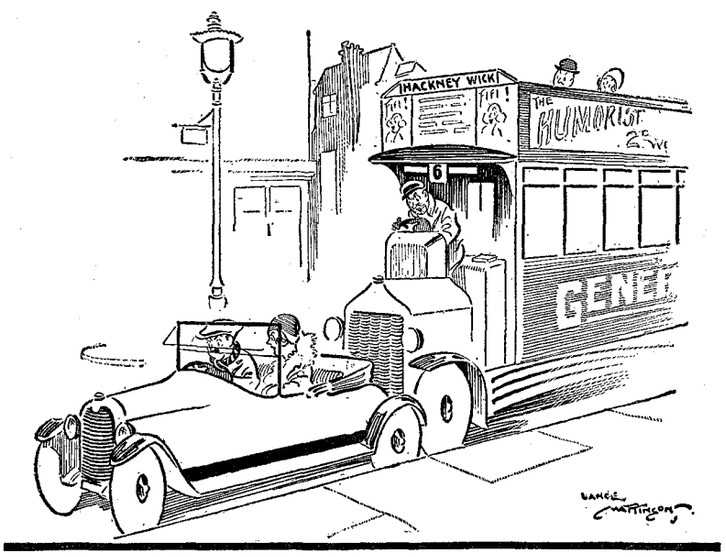
"I'm worried," said the barber, "I
Have lost my merry song,
So many people shave themselves
I barely scrape along."
—*Boston Transcript.*

"I'm worried," said the tailor,
"I could break down and bawl,
If this nudist cult keeps spreading
I'll make no clothes at all."
—*Buffalo News.*

Providing for Mandy.—"I understand you've got your divorce, Mandy. Did you get any alimony from your husband?"

"No, Mrs. Jones, but he done give me a first-class reference."—*Elks Magazine.*

To a Gold Digger, a Brass Coin.—A kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to lie for it, and the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the lover's privilege, and the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope; and to an old maid, charity.—*V. P. I. Skipper.*



Wife (to hubby, who has been the subject of rude remarks from bus-driver): "George, surely you're going to say something to the vulgar man?"

Hubby: "Yes, dear, as soon as I get the car started!"

—"The Humorist" (London).

Sported the First Sun Tan.—
That Eve was the first Summer girl
There is no doubt at all,
For we are plainly told that she
Arrived before the Fall.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Inn Luck or Inn Dutch.—"Why don't you give your new bungalow a name? Something appropriate. Other people do. There's 'Seldom Inn,' 'Walk Inn,' 'Cosy Inn,' and a lot of others."

"That's an idea. As I've just finished paying for it. I'll name it 'All Inn.'"—*Florida Times-Union.*

Try Horse-chestnuts.—One day in the British Museum a guide was recounting to a little group of tourists the glories of a battered centaur, when a Chicago meat salesman interrupted with the question:

"Excuse me, sir, but what would they feed a gink like that on—ham and eggs or hay?"—*Washington Labor.*

Cautious Realtor—An emigrant was preparing to leave his native land to try his luck, abroad. An acquaintance inquired, casually: "What are you going to do when you arrive at your destination?"

"Oh, take up land."

"Much?"

"Only a shovelful at a time."—*Tit-Bits.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Clean Job.—
DR. GOLDFEIN, FOOT SPECIALIST
Removes corns, call., nails, both feet, $1.
—*Steubenville (Ohio) paper.*

Pass the Ouija Board, Watson.—
Dead Negro
Expected To
Solve Killing
—*Vicksburg (Miss.) Evening Post.*

Stood It Long Enough.—Miller said they married in Detroit in 1812, but his wife always detected housekeeping and left him in 1916.—*Boston American.*

Oh, Botheration!—From the safe in the offices of the Clayton mine at Erie, yeggs got $344, police here were mortified.—*Rocky Mountain News.*

Fire Water Is Not to Be Piped Yet.—Dr. Imamura, as quoted in Tokyo dispatches, said his study of transmission of earthquake waves through the earth showed its interior is not liquor.—*Yakima (Wash.) Sunday Herald.*

G-String Astigmatic?—He passed an Annapolis examination, but during a physical test at the Naval Academy some eye charts were wiggled in front of his nose, and his violin was pronounced defective.—*New York Times.*

Game to the Last.—She went, according to her itinerary, to Leningrad and then down to the Crimes.—*San Diego Union.*

Kick of a Cottontail.—The market stood virtually still until the last quarter-hour when late shirt covering gave the list a mild flip.—*Harlingen (Tex.) paper.*

Hoch der Panner!—Salutes to the flags and much hearty community singing of "Deutschland Ueber Alles" and "The Star Spankled Banner" supplemented the vocal tributes to the German immortals.—*Chicago Daily Tribune.*

And How Many in 1883?—
LEONIDS THRILL
AIRWAY PILOTS
200,000 OF THE SKY WANDERERS VIEWED IN 1833

The meteors were few and far between compared to the 200,000 shower of 1833. . . . Harvard observed 500, a pitiful show compared to the 200,000 which flashed in 1833. . . . In 1833 about 200,000 Leonids came courting Mother Earth.—*New York World-Telegram.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ease the Pain and SLEEP!

"We're mighty lucky to have this bottle of Sloan's in the house tonight."

"You said it! That pain won't keep me awake now. It feels better already!"

LAME BACK
—lumbago

The one sure relief for backache is Sloan's Liniment. Because Sloan's rushes fresh blood to the sore spot *instantly*—and this fresh blood stops pain, relaxes muscles, warms and soothes you. Your sleep is not spoiled. No wonder so many millions of people call Sloan's a godsend!... And remember—it costs only 35¢!

SLOAN'S
World Famous Liniment used by 133 Nations

EMILY POST

THE AUTHORITY ON ETIQUETTE AND GOOD TASTE IN THE HOME

Now in the New Radio Program Sponsored by

DU PONT CELLOPHANE

This brilliant new series is especially arranged for homewives, and is in addition to Mrs. Post's outstandingly successful broadcasts on the General Electric Hour.

Over These Radio Stations

Every Monday and Thursday Morning at 10:45, Eastern Standard Time

WJZ	—New York	WJR	—Detroit
WBZ	—Boston	WLW	—Cincinnati
WBZA	—Springfield	WMAQ	—Chicago
WBAL	—Baltimore	KWK	—St. Louis
WHAM	—Rochester	KWCR	—Cedar Rapids
KDKA	—Pittsburgh	KOIL	—Omaha-Council Bluffs
WGAR	—Cleveland	WREN	—Kansas City

Mrs. Post's two most noted books, "Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage," and "The Personality of a House: The Blue Book of Home Design and Decoration," are available at all bookstores—$4.00 each—or $4.18 a copy, postpaid, from Funk and Wagnalls Company, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York City.

CONTENTS

THE LITERARY DIGEST
for DECEMBER 10, 1932

VOLUME 114 NUMBER 24

Published at 354-360 Fourth Avenue New York

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Labor's Ultimatum to Industry 3
Kind Words for Embarrassed Britain 5
The Taxpayer's New Champion 6
Strong Medicine for Bank Failures 7
Breaking Up the Radio Monopoly 8
Topics in Brief 9

FOREIGN COMMENT

France and Russia Joining Hands 10
More and More Freedom for Turkish Women 11
Moves for a Far East Peace Bloc 12
The Balky World Economic Conference . . . 12

LETTERS AND ART

Pessimism on the French Stage 13
Behind the Scenes With Chevalier 14
Orpen Disillusioned by War 14
The Cover 14

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

Ishmaels of To-day 15
Wait! Don't Jump! 15
Prodigal Baptists 16
Bigotry Voted Down 16

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

A Cargo of Cars 17
"Worse Than a Crime: It's a Blunder" 18
Man a Poor Faster 18
House-Heating With the Kitchen Range . . . 18

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

When a Man Imagines He Is Someone Else . 20
How Germany's Jobless Find Adventure . . . 22
When Lovely Woman Falls From the Sky . . 24
Oklahoma's "Bandit King" 26
Bullets, Not Spears, for American Wild Boars . 28
Weird Inhabitants That Grope in a Newly Discovered Texas Cave 31
Average Motorist Ignorant of Automotive Terms 33

CURRENT POETRY

Bacon Rind 35
The City Comes 35
Autumn Is a Senorita 35
Work 35
Concerning Polyanna 35

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Yuletide Spending Prospects 36
To Turn Railroads Into Highways 36

MISCELLANEOUS

The Spice of Life 38

Information for Subscribers

TERMS: $4.00 a year, in advance; $2.00, six months; 10 cents a copy; Canada, $6.60 a year; $3.30, six months; 15 cents a copy; other foreign countries, $5.00 a year.

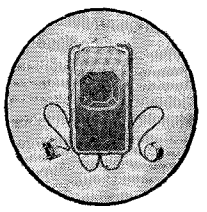
Semiannual Indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for *renewal*, *discontinuance* or *change of address* should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office, and in Foreign Countries. PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

A welcome gift

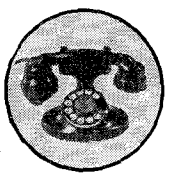
A *new* HEARING AID *that really* AIDS



A product of experts in sound

...BELL TELEPHONE MAKERS

No longer need you feel "out of it," just because your hearing is impaired. Western Electric's new Audiphone brings you every word and sound *clearly*. This scientific device came out of long experience in telephone making at Western Electric—for half a century leaders in the field of sound transmission equipment. The Audiphone is made in several models—one of which will exactly suit *your* needs, whether you are a business man, a housewife or a school child. All types are small, light, inconspicuous, *efficient*. The distributors—Graybar Electric Co.—will tell you the name of your nearest dealer. He will let you *hear the difference!* Clip the coupon *now*.



Distributors in Canada: Northern Electric Co.

Western Electric
• HEARING AID •

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO. LD-3
Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me full information on the Western Electric Audiphone and name of nearest dealer.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

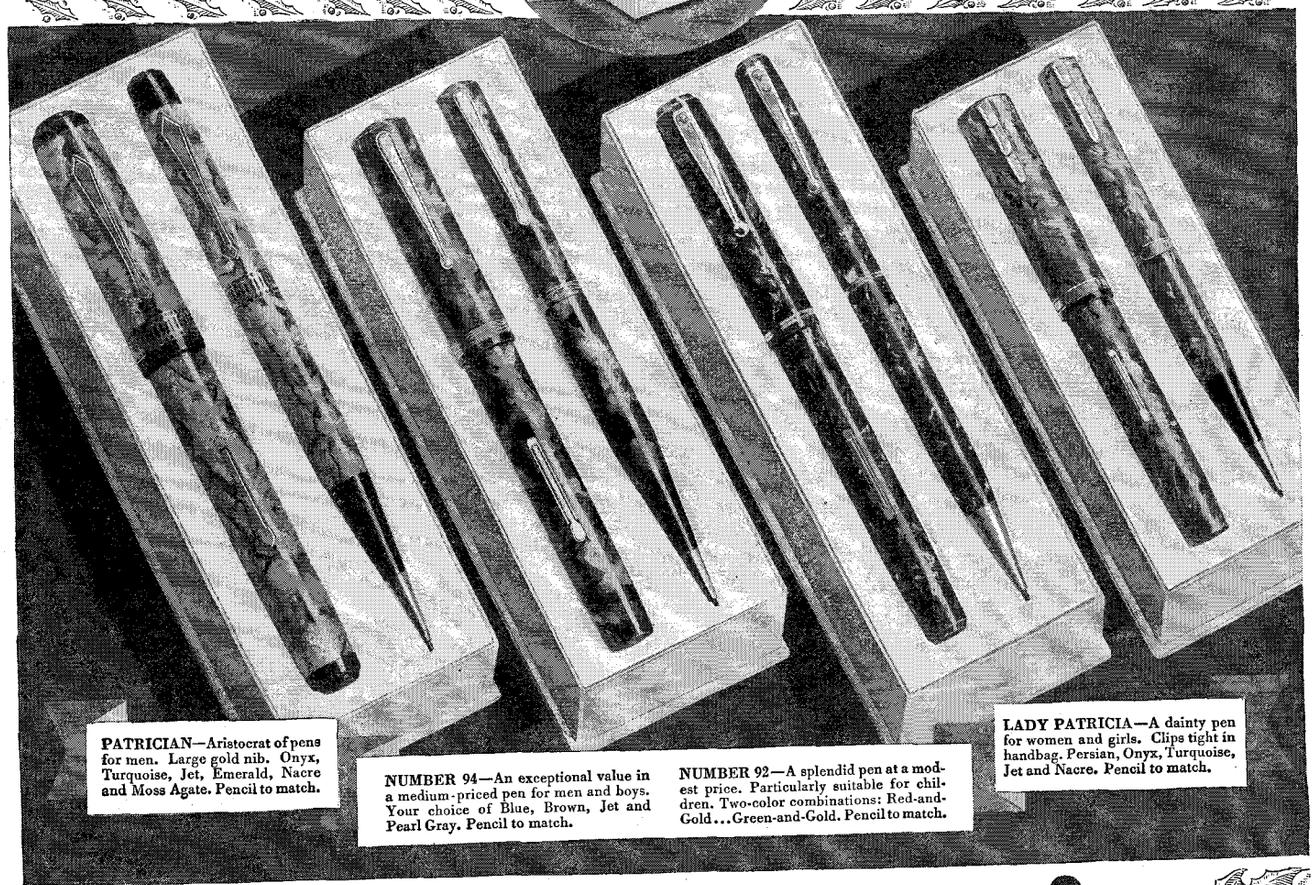
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Give Waterman's the Pen with the Perfect Point

A gift of rare beauty . . . a gift of daily usefulness . . . a gift of known quality . . . these mean one thing . . . Waterman's. And no matter whether your Christmas budget calls for modest or generous expenditure, you can be sure of getting in a Waterman's the utmost in value. Below are a few gift suggestions. *Your dealer will show you the complete Waterman's line.*

Waterman's Desk Sets . . . distinctive gifts . . . for men and women. $7.50 up

Just as there is a Waterman's Pen to fit every purse, there is a Waterman's point to suit every style of handwriting. And the well-known superiority of the Waterman's point is assurance of years of perfect writing performance. There is only one thing that is better than giving a Waterman's at Christmas . . . *and that is receiving a Waterman's!*



PATRICIAN—Aristocrat of pens for men. Large gold nib. Onyx, Turquoise, Jet, Emerald, Nacre and Moss Agate. Pencil to match.

NUMBER 94—An exceptional value in a medium-priced pen for men and boys. Your choice of Blue, Brown, Jet and Pearl Gray. Pencil to match.

NUMBER 92—A splendid pen at a modest price. Particularly suitable for children. Two-color combinations: Red-and-Gold . . . Green-and-Gold. Pencil to match.

LADY PATRICIA—A dainty pen for women and girls. Clips tight in handbag. Persian, Onyx, Turquoise, Jet and Nacre. Pencil to match.

Waterman's

PENS . . . . PENCILS . . . . INKS

What the Microscope Shows

Other Make No. 1—Right point longer and narrower than left; sharp inner points on tips.

Other Make No. 2—One point flatter than other; tips not symmetrical; thin, pitted iridium.

Other Make No. 3—Jagged ink channel; irregular tips; flat sides end in ridges on writing surface.

Waterman's—Note symmetry of points, roundness of tips, smoothness of writing surface.

Waterman's Pens $2.75 *to* $10.00

Pencils to match $1.00 *to* $5.00

SOLD IN SETS OR SEPARATELY

L. E. Waterman Co., New York City

Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Montreal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED